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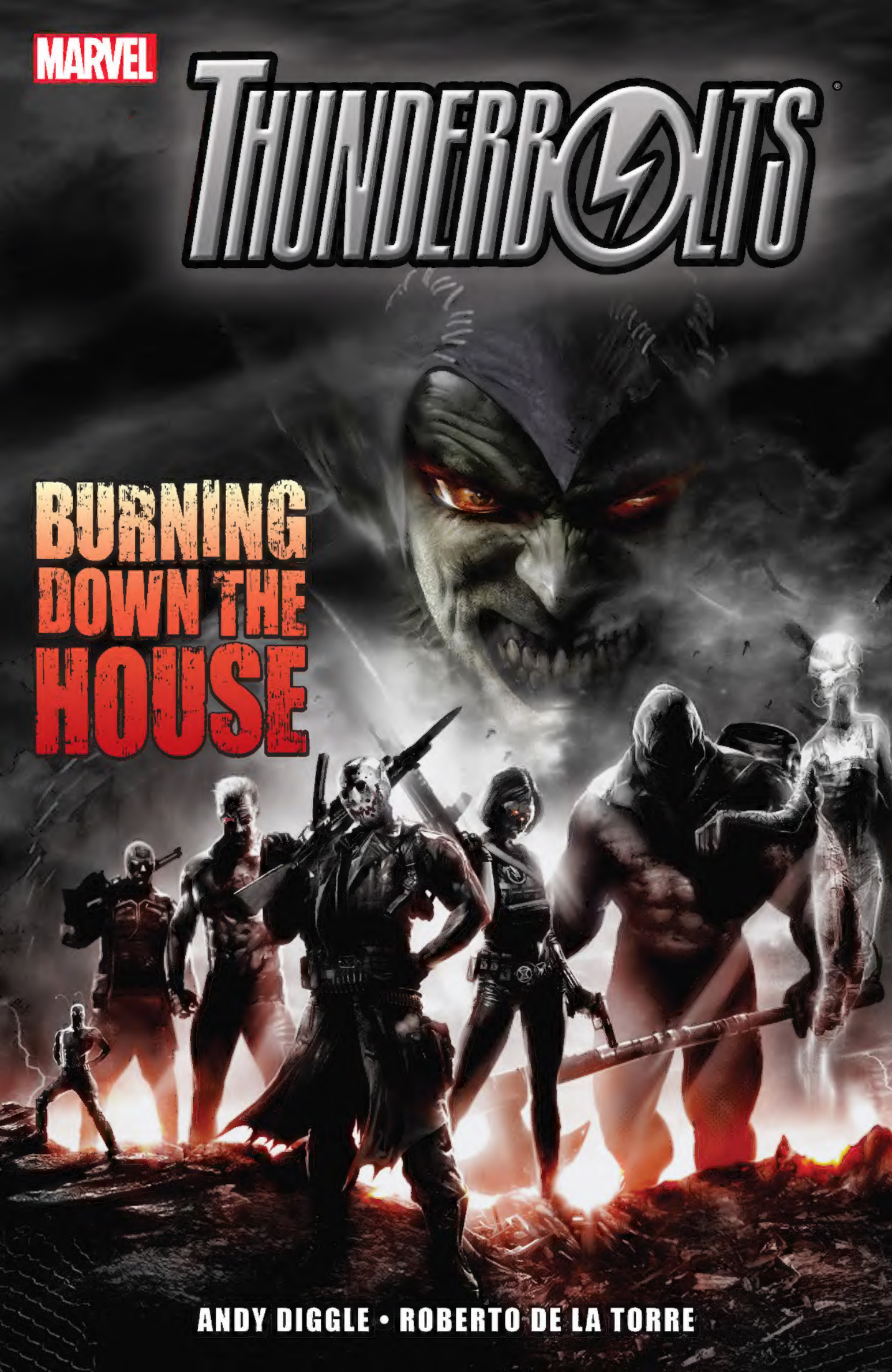
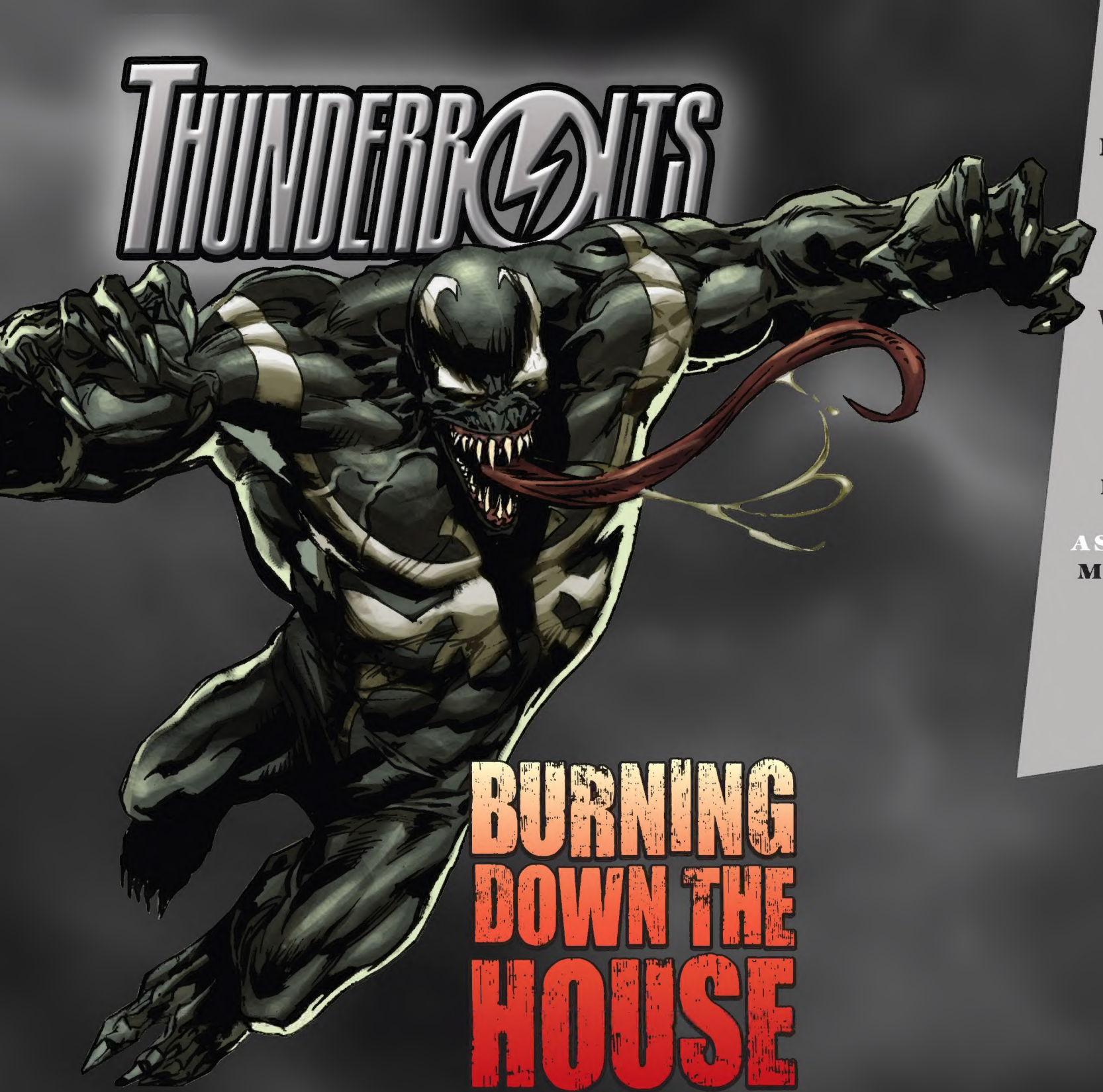
THUNDERBOLTS



BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE

ANDY DIGGLE • ROBERTO DE LA TORRE

THUNDERBOLTS



THUNDERBOLTS

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE

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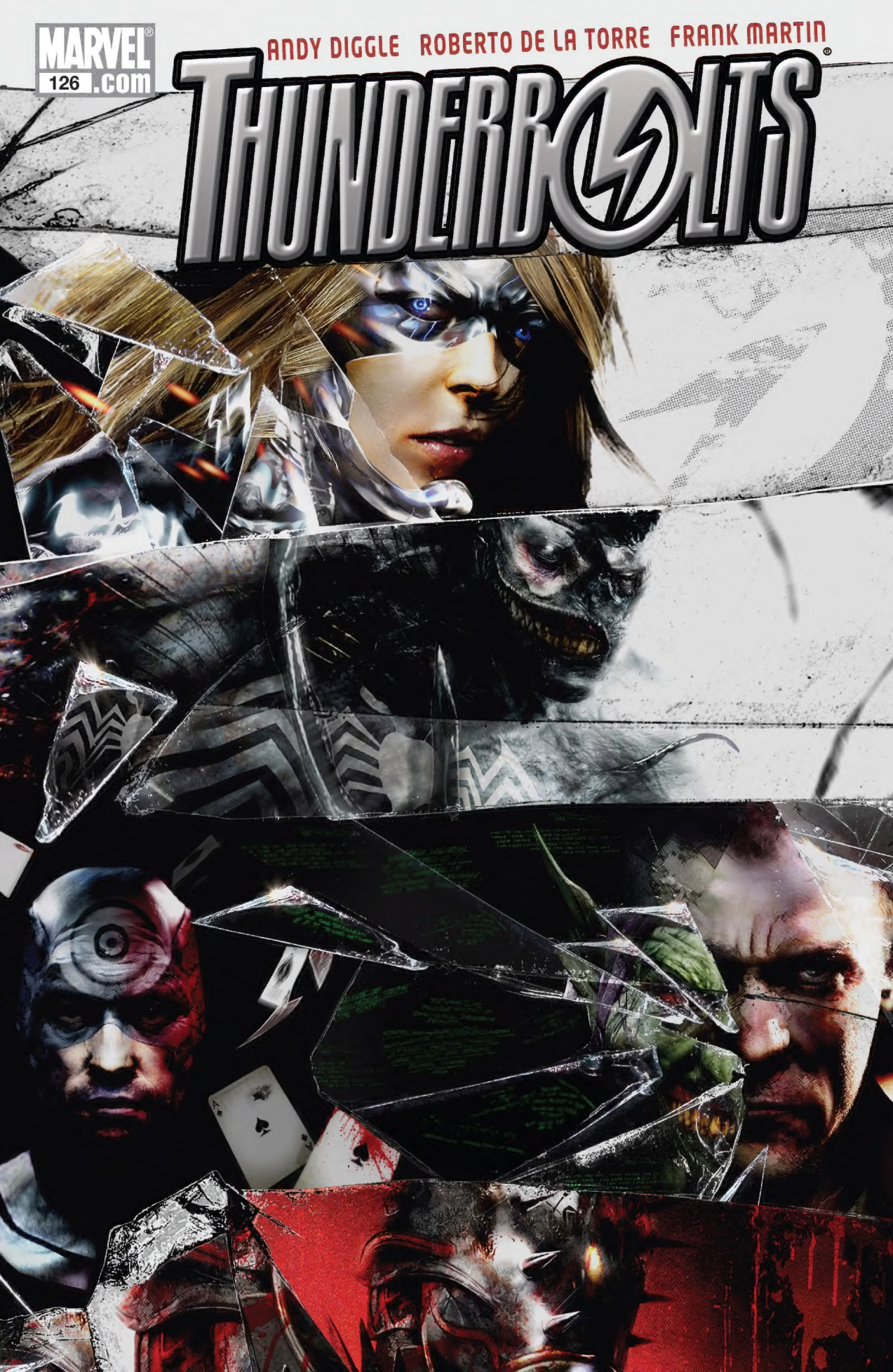
PREVIOUSLY

For months the sinister alien race known as the Skrulls infiltrated our planet by replacing key figures in the human and superhuman communities. An all-out battle erupted in Washington, D.C. and New York City, which drew the Thunderbolts – led by Norman Osborn – into combat.

Venom relished the chaos of battle, devouring Skrulls at will, while Bullseye seized the opportunity to murder Swordsman's cloned sister, Andrea Strucker – an act Norman then blamed on the Skrulls to channel Swordsman's lust for vengeance.

Moonstone used Radioactive Man's malfunctioning containment suit to take out a Skrull battleship with a powerful nuclear blast, before the two rescued an embattled Songbird as she was pummeled into the Washington Monument by a Super-Skrull.

Thanks to Norman Osborn's decisive response and uncompromising leadership, the Thunderbolts played a key role in turning the tide against the alien menace. Now, Norman has been called to his reward in the nation's capital, leaving his team behind to tend their physical and psychological wounds...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ANDY DIGGLE ROBERTO DE LA TORRE FRANK MARTIN
THUNDERBOLTS

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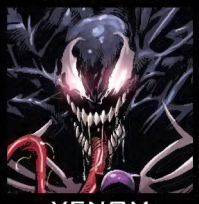
THUNDERBOLTS

NORMAN OSBORN

MOONSTONE

PENANCE

RADIOACTIVE MAN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SWORDSMAN

BULLSEYE

SONGBIRD

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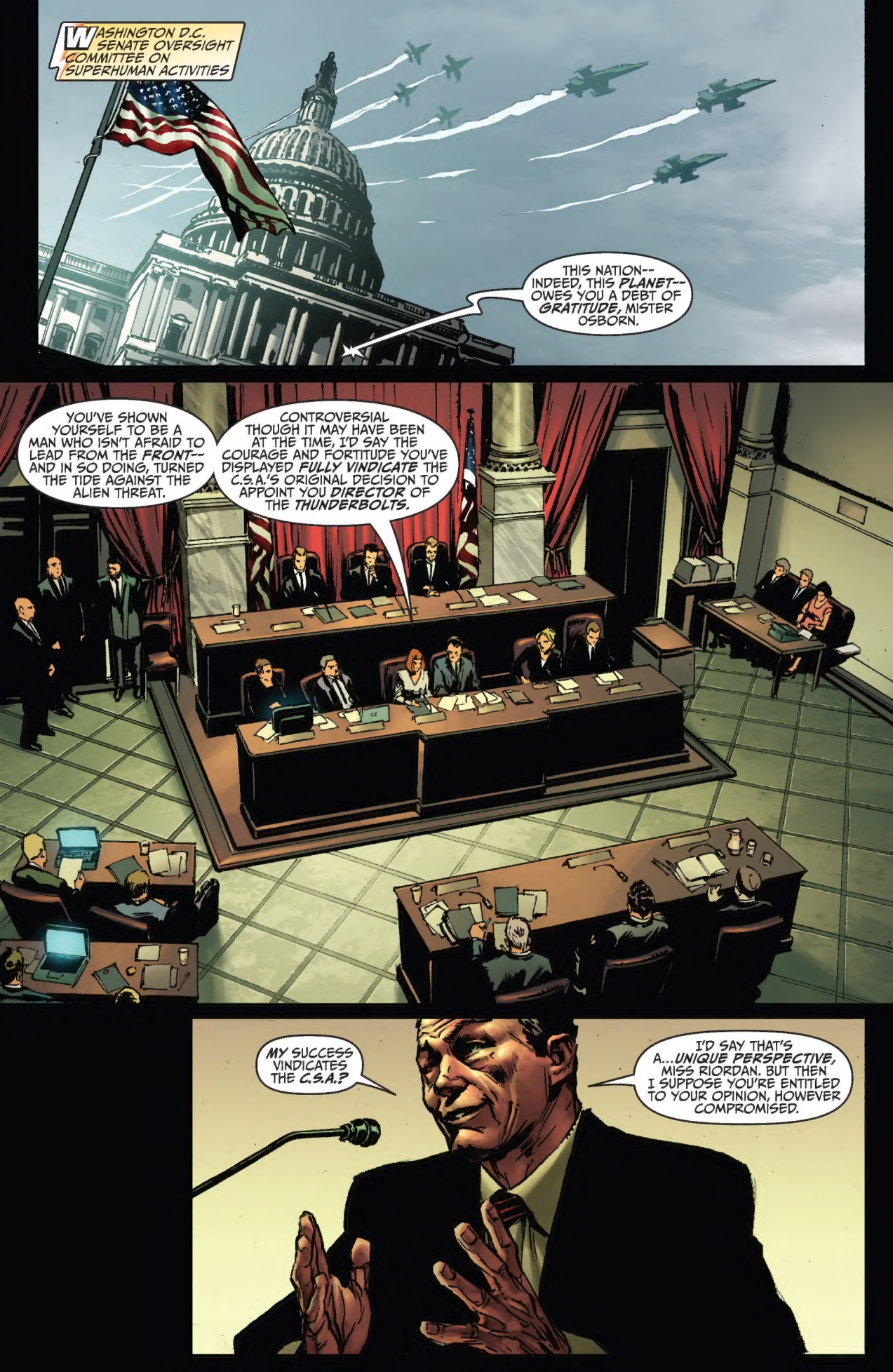
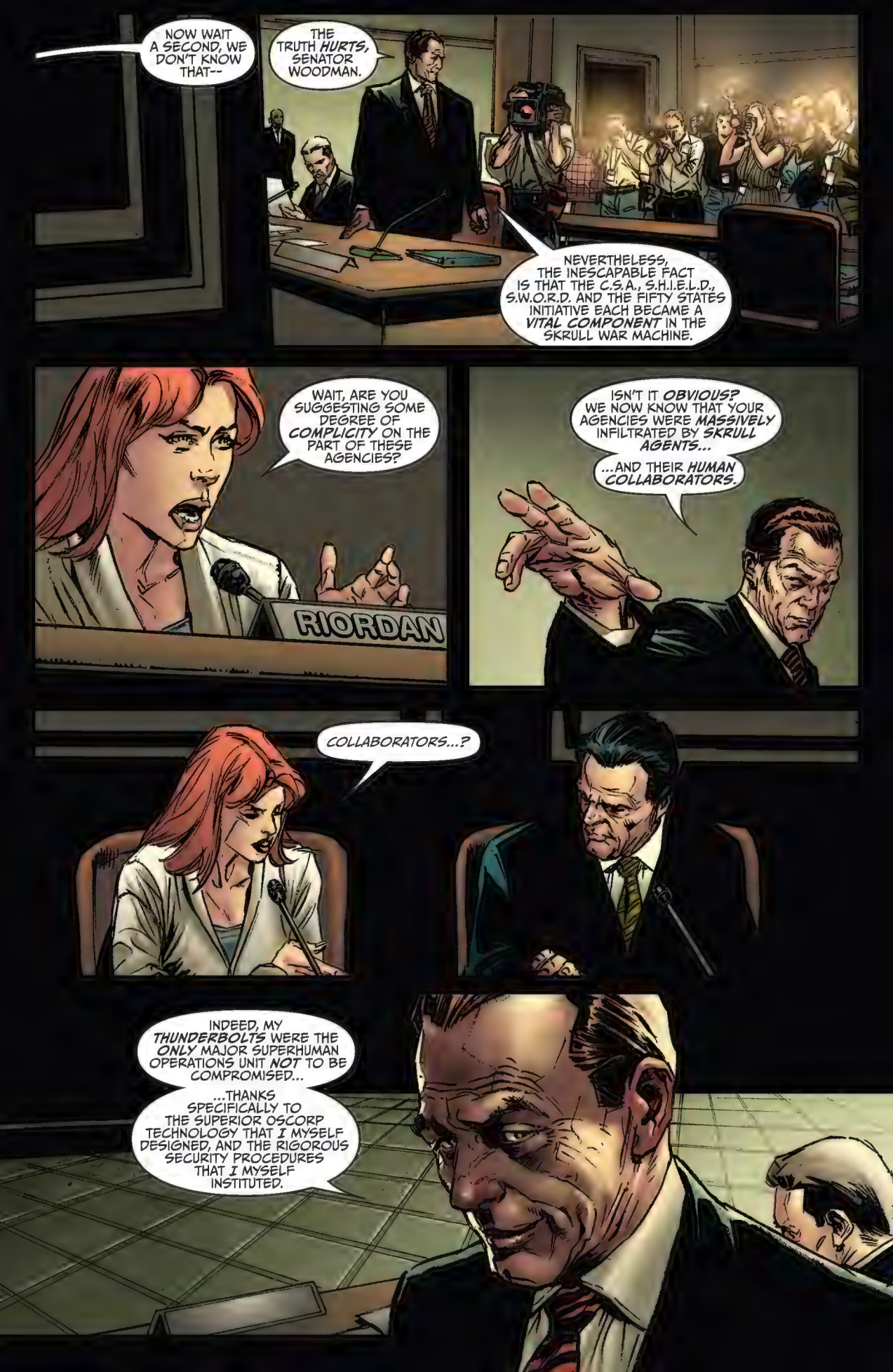
THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN
COYOTE SPRINGS, COLORADO
I DID NOT ASK FOR COMPANY, SONGBIRD.
THIS IS FOR ME ALONE.
NOBODY SHOULD BE ALONE WHEN THEY'RE LAYING THEIR OWN SISTER TO REST, ANDREAS.
I KNOW THE TWO OF YOU WERE... CLOSE.
IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME I HAVE LOST HER-- BUT BY GOD, IT WILL BE THE LAST.
SHE WAS A STRUCKER...
...AND I SWEAR, THE WORLD SHALL LEARN TO FEAR THAT NAME AGAIN.

HELL OF A VIEW. SHE WOULD HAVE LIKED IT.
SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED SINCE WE'VE BEEN STATIONED HERE, I NEVER REALLY TOOK THE TIME TO APPRECIATE IT...
IT REMINDS ME VERY MUCH OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS OF GERMANY. OUR ANCESTRAL HOME.
I LAID ANDREA TO REST IN THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM THE *FIRST* TIME SHE DIED. TO DO SO A SECOND TIME WOULD SEEM... *INAPPROPRIATE.*
SO WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU? WHAT WILL YOU DO?
BIDE MY TIME. HOLD MY TONGUE. SERVE OUT THE REMAINDER OF MY C.S.A. CONTRACT.
AND THEN...
AND THEN NORMAN OSBORN SHALL DIE AT MY SWORD.

I CAN GET WITH THAT. BUT, UH...AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING? THE *NANOCHAIN...?*
YOU SO MUCH AS *LOOK* AT NORMAN SQUINTY AND HE'LL MICROWAVE YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.
OH, SONGBIRD. *MELISSA.* HOW DID YOU EVER SURVIVE SO LONG IN THIS NEST OF VIPERS...?
WHY DO YOU THINK HE HAD US ALL CORRALLED HERE WHILE HE RETURNED TO WASHINGTON?
SO HE COULD PLAY PATTY-CAKE WITH THE NEW PRESIDENT AND HOG ALL THE CREDIT? HE'S GOT THE MEDIA THINKING HE'S SOME KIND OF *HERO...*
MEANWHILE, WE'RE LEFT BEHIND TO CLEAR UP HIS MESS.
HE'S *CLEANING HOUSE,* TO BE SURE. BUT NOT IN THE WAY YOU THINK.
AND WHILE I HAVE NO DESIRE TO PARTICIPATE IN HIS MIND GAMES NOR VINDICATE HIS PETTY LITTLE GRUDGES, I WILL SAY THIS TO YOU, SONGBIRD--
WATCH YOUR BACK.


WASHINGTON D.C. SENATE OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE ON SUPERHUMAN ACTIVITIES
THIS NATION--INDEED, THIS PLANET--OWES YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE, MISTER OSBORN.
YOU'VE SHOWN YOURSELF TO BE A MAN WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO LEAD FROM THE FRONT--AND IN SO DOING, TURNED THE TIDE AGAINST THE ALIEN THREAT.
CONTROVERSIAL THOUGH IT MAY HAVE BEEN AT THE TIME, I'D SAY THE COURAGE AND FORTITUDE YOU'VE DISPLAYED FULLY VINDICATE THE C.S.A.'S ORIGINAL DECISION TO APPOINT YOU DIRECTOR OF THE THUNDERBOLTS.
MY SUCCESS VINDICATES THE C.S.A.?
I'D SAY THAT'S A...UNIQUE PERSPECTIVE, MISS RIORDAN. BUT THEN I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ENTITLED TO YOUR OPINION, HOWEVER COMPROMISED.

OH? AND WHAT WOULD BE *YOUR* OPINION, MISTER OSBORN?
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.
IN MY OPINION, IT'S TRANSPARENTLY CLEAR THAT EVERY *SELF-SERVING BUREAUCRAT* FROM THE *OFFICE OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY* TO *PETA* IS FALLING OVER ONE ANOTHER TRYING TO *APPORTION BLAME* AND *STEAL* WHATEVER SCRAPS OF ASS-COVERING *CREDIT* THEY CAN GRAB FROM...
...WELL, FROM *ME*.
THE FACT IS, THE SKRULL INVASION COULD *NEVER HAVE HAPPENED* WERE IT NOT FOR THE CATASTROPHIC COMPLACENCY, MISMANAGEMENT AND FAILURE OF LEADERSHIP OF THE C.S.A. AND ITS AFFILIATED ORGANIZATIONS.
AND AS FOR *S.H.I.E.L.D.* -- WELL, YOU DON'T NEED ME TO ELABORATE. WE ALL SAW THOSE IMAGES OF *TONY STARK* ON THE TV NEWS, RUNNING AWAY WITH HIS TAIL BETWEEN HIS LEGS.
RUNNING AWAY FROM THE CATASTROPHE *HE* CREATED.


NOW WAIT A SECOND, WE DON'T KNOW THAT--
THE TRUTH *HURTS*, SENATOR WOODMAN.
NEVERTHELESS, THE INESCAPABLE FACT IS THAT THE C.S.A., S.H.I.E.L.D., S.W.O.R.D. AND THE FIFTY STATES INITIATIVE EACH BECAME A *VITAL COMPONENT* IN THE SKRULL WAR MACHINE.
WAIT, ARE YOU SUGGESTING SOME DEGREE OF *COMPLICITY* ON THE PART OF THESE AGENCIES?
RIORDAN
ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS?* WE NOW KNOW THAT YOUR AGENCIES WERE *MASSIVELY* INFILTRATED BY *SKRULL AGENTS*...
...AND THEIR *HUMAN COLLABORATORS.*
COLLABORATORS...?
INDEED, MY *THUNDERBOLTS* WERE THE *ONLY* MAJOR SUPERHUMAN OPERATIONS UNIT *NOT* TO BE COMPROMISED...
...THANKS SPECIFICALLY TO THE SUPERIOR OSCORP TECHNOLOGY THAT *I* MYSELF DESIGNED, AND THE RIGOROUS SECURITY PROCEDURES THAT *I* MYSELF INSTITUTED.

NOW WAIT JUST A DAMN MINUTE, OSBORN!
THERE IS NO EVIDENCE WHATSOEVER TO SUGGEST THE EXISTENCE OF HUMAN TRAITORS INSIDE THE INITIATIVE OR ANYWHERE ELSE!
OH, I DON'T DOUBT THAT ANY EVIDENCE WOULD HAVE BEEN THOROUGHLY COVERED UP.
AS RECENT EVENTS HAVE DEMONSTRATED ONLY TOO CLEARLY, THE SKRULLS WERE-- ARE...NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH.
NEVERTHELESS.
THIS IS WHY WE NEED AN INDEPENDENT BODY, ANSWERABLE ONLY TO THE HIGHEST OFFICE, TO DETERMINE YOUR AGENCIES' LIABILITY IN THIS DISASTROUS AFFAIR.
TO WEED OUT THOSE RESPONSIBLE, AND ENSURE THEY ARE BROUGHT TO ACCOUNT FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY.
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE ADVOCATING A WITCH HUNT, MISTER OSBORN.
AND LET ME TAKE A WILD GUESS WHO YOU THINK SHOULD BE RUNNING IT...
YOU?

THAT'S FOR WISER COUNSELS THAN MYSELF TO DECIDE. I'M JUST A HUMBLE SERVANT OF THIS GREAT NATION OF OURS...
AND RIGHT NOW, I HAVE *WORK* TO DO.
MISTER OSBORN, KINDLY TAKE YOUR SEAT! MAY I REMIND YOU THIS COMMITTEE IS STILL IN SESSION--!
NO. WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SENATOR, I DON'T ANSWER TO YOU, NOR TO ANYONE ELSE IN THIS ROOM.
I CAN NO LONGER IN GOOD CONSCIENCE OPERATE UNDER THE AEGIS OF THE C.S.A.. I THEREFORE *RESIGN* AS DIRECTOR OF THE THUNDERBOLTS, AND *DISBAND* THE TEAM.
THE *THUNDERBOLTS* ARE *NO MORE.*
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
...I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE *PRESIDENT.*

IT'S HIM! IT'S NORMAN OSBORN--!
WE LOVE YOU, NORMAN!
OUR MAN NORMAN!
NORMAN WOULDN'T HURT A FLY!

THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I'M HERE.
IT'S JUST AN INFORMAL CHAT, ROBBIE.
PLEASE, COME IN. SIT. MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.
I MEAN, WHY AM I TALKING TO YOU, KARLA? WHERE'S DOCTOR SAMSON...?
I'M THE TEAM PSYCHIATRIST, ROBBIE.
YOU'RE COMING UP ON THE END OF YOUR TWELVE-MONTH TOUR, AND IT'S FOR ME TO DETERMINE WHETHER YOU'RE FIT TO REMAIN ON ACTIVE DUTY.
SO. ARE YOU?
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. IT'S A CHARADE. YOU TRIED TO KILL ME.
IF IT WASN'T FOR DOCTOR SAMSON...
FORGET ABOUT SAMSON.
NONE OF US WERE REALLY OURSELVES THAT DAY, WERE WE? YOU HAD A VIOLENT EPISODE YOURSELF, AS I RECALL. DO YOU REMEMBER?
OF COURSE I REMEMBER.

SO TELL ME...
HOW DID IT FEEL?
HOW DID IT...?
PUNCHING ME THROUGH THE WALL. SEVERAL WALLS.
MY INTANGIBILITY POWERS HADN'T RETURNED YET. YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME.
I'M SORRY... YOU MUST HATE ME...
EVERYONE HATES YOU, ROBBIE.
WHAT?

OH, I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT STAMFORD. NOBODY REALLY BLAMES YOU FOR WHAT HAPPENED THERE. NO ONE WHO MATTERS, ANYWAY.
NO, I'M TALKING ABOUT ALL THE INTERMINABLE WHINING AND ATTENTION-SEEKING SELF-MUTILATION CRAP THAT CAME ALONG WITH IT.
WAIT, THAT--THAT'S NOT FAIR...
YOU'VE TURNED ADOLESCENT SELF-PITY INTO A SUPER-POWER, FOR GOD'S SAKE.
QUITE FRANKLY, IF YOU REALLY DID HATE YOURSELF THAT MUCH, YOU'D FIND YOURSELF A BOTTLE OF SLEEPING PILLS AND JUST FINISH THE JOB, HMMM?
PUT YOURSELF OUT OF OUR MISERY.
WHY--WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY ARE YOU SAYING THESE THINGS...?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, ROBBIE? I'M TESTING YOU.
I NEED TO KNOW IF YOU'RE STABLE. IN CONTROL.
IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A LITTLE PROVOCATION FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN TEAMMATES, HOW CAN YOU BE TRUSTED NOT TO... BLOW UP IN THE FIELD?
SORRY. POOR CHOICE OF WORDS.

RIGHT. YEAH, OF COURSE. I'M SORRY.
I JUST THOUGHT--IT SORT OF...
IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU MEANT IT.
RELAX, ROBBIE. TAKE A DEEP BREATH. DRINK SOME WATER.
WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE HERE. IT'S WHAT WE CALL A PSYCHOMETRIC EVALUATION. JUST GAUGING YOUR REACTIONS.
HERE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE YOUR NEW COSTUME?
I DON'T... NEED...A NEW COSTUME!
OH, TRUST ME. WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU WILL.
HERE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
SOMETHING-- SOMETHING'S WRONG...
I...I FEEL... STRANGE...
YOU ARE STRANGE, ROBBIE. SAD AND STRANGE AND PATHETIC.
THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT YOU SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE LOCKED UP IN A MAXIMUM SECURITY MENTAL INSTITUTION.
A REALLY NASTY ONE.

N-NO! YOU C-CAN'T--
CAN'T WHAT?
I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT, ROBBIE.
I'M THE NEW LEADER OF THE THUNDERBOLTS, AND YOU'RE JUST A CREEPY LITTLE PERV IN A GIMP SUIT.
I CAN MAKE YOU STOP! I CAN--
WHAT-- MY POWER... WHY C-CAN'T I...?
--GET IT UP? PROBABLY BECAUSE YOUR POWERS ARE PAIN-BASED--AND I SLIPPED A POWERFUL ANESTHETIC INTO YOUR WATER...
...ALONG WITH ENOUGH TRANQUILIZER TO STUN A RHINO.
YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH A WHIMPER, NOT A BANG.
YOU DON'T GET TO PUNCH ME THROUGH THE WALL, YOU SAD LITTLE MAGGOT.

A3 LEVEL
IS IT DONE?
CLEAN AND QUIET.
GOOD. PROCEED TO STAGE TWO.
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE.
GARGAN. YOU'RE UP.
ROBBIE'S IN THE BAG. SONGBIRD AND CHEN ARE STILL IN PLAY.
FINALLY...
TIME FOR SOME FRESH MEAT!

SONGBIRD'S QUARTERS.
MEL?SGT. DO YOU HAVE A MOMENT?
OH, HEY, CHEN. COME ON IN.
I WAS GONNA TRY AND SORT SOME OF THIS MESS OUT, BUT THEN I JUST THOUGHT, WHAT'S THE POINT...?
I MEAN, AFTER THOSE PSYCHICS, NORMAN GOING BUG-NUTS AND THEN THE WHOLE CAPTAIN MARVEL THING, I FIGURE THEY'LL PROBABLY JUST FLATTEN THIS PLACE AND SHIP US OFF TO A WHOLE NEW FACILITY, Y'KNOW?

MELISSA...
LOOK WHAT I FOUND, THOUGH! THE ORIGINAL THUNDERBOLTS TEAM. WILD, HUH...?
YOU THINK THIS PLACE IS BAD, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT OUR FIRST BASE OF OPERATIONS WAS? A DERELICT PIZZA RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK. NO KIDDING!
COME A LONG WAY SINCE THEN, I GUESS. A LONG WAY...
MELISSA, I HAVE TO— THAT IS, I CANNOT STAY.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
I HAVE BEEN RECALLED TO CHINA.
THE EMBASSY HAS REVOKED MY VISA. I AM TO REPORT FOR ACTIVE DUTY TO THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE IN KUNLANG PROVINCE.
...IMMEDIATELY.

HANGAR BAY.
THIS IS CRAZY! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES WERE HAPPY FOR YOU TO STAY...
THAT WAS BEFORE THE INVASION. THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW.
THEY WANT EVERY CHINESE SUPERHUMAN BACK HOME TO HELP WITH THE RECONSTRUCTION.
WHAT, SO YOU'RE GONNA JUST LEAVE ME HERE WITH THESE PSYCHOS?
IN ALL TRUTH, MEI-HWA, THE ONLY THING I WILL TRULY MISS... IS YOU. YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO ME, AND--
WELL, I HAD HOPED THAT PERHAPS, IN TIME, WE MIGHT HAVE BECOME SOMETHING MORE THAN FRIENDS.
YOUR--
YOUR TRANSPORT IS HERE.
I HAVE OFFENDED YOU.

NO. IT'S FINE. BUT YOU SHOULD--
YOU SHOULD GO.
JUST GO.
I AM SORRY. I SHOULD NOT HAVE SPOKEN.
PLEASE DO NOT THINK ILL OF ME. I ONLY WISHED TO SAY GOODBYE, BUT I FEEL I HAVE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF.
CHEN.
SERIOUSLY.
GET ON THE CHOPPER.
NOW.
AS YOU WILL.
GOODBYE THEN, MELISSA. IT HAS BEEN AN HONOR WORKING WITH YOU.
AND BY THE WAY, MY GIVEN NAME IS LU, NOT CHEN.
IN CHINA, FAMILY COMES FIRST.

THERE. I GOT RID OF HIM. ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?
OH, I'M JUST HAPPY AS A CLAM.

SEE, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH YOU EVER SINCE YOU HAD MY NERVOUS SYSTEM ELECTROCUTED.
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT IT FEELS LIKE, HAVING EVERY PAIN RECEPTOR IN YOUR BODY FIRED SIMULTANEOUSLY?
NO, OF COURSE NOT. HOW COULD YOU?
WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT. THE TIP OF MY PUNCH DAGGER, YOU SEE, IS PRESSED UP AGAINST THE NERVE CLUSTER AT THE BASE OF YOUR SPINE.
ALL IT NEEDS IS A QUARTER OF AN INCH AND, BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL BE BEGGING ME TO SLIP THE REST IN JUST TO END THE PAIN.
I-IF YOU JUST WANTED ME DEAD, YOU'D HAVE KILLED ME ALREADY...
WHAT, YOU NEVER HEARD OF DEFERRED GRATIFICATION? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS FOR A LONG TIME. MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY IT.
I'M GONNA DO TO YOU WHAT I DID TO STRUCKER'S SISTER.
W-WAIT, LISTEN! NORMAN WON'T WANT YOU TO--
AAAAH!
OH, YEAH. YOU FEEL ME.

NNNGH!
W-WAIT! Y-YOU HAVE TO-- LISTEN-- TO ME--!
BLACK-MAILING-- NORMAN!
I DIE-- AND THE GOBLIN TAPES-- GO PUBLIC!
THE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE? OUR GLORIOUS LEADER GETTING ALL PUMPKIN-HAPPY WITH THE SECURITY DETAIL? OH, DON'T YOU WORRY, BABE, NORMAN'S GOT THAT COVERED.
WHY D'YOU THINK HE ASKED ME TO *KILL* YOU?
OH, GOD.
THAT'S RIGHT. NORMAN'S GOT *PLANS* FOR US. *BIG* PLANS. AND YOU'RE NOT A *PART* OF THEM.
NOW, THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO DO FOR ME. IT'S REALLY *SIMPLE*...
SAY, "KILL ME."
TO BE CONTINUED!

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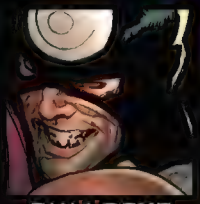

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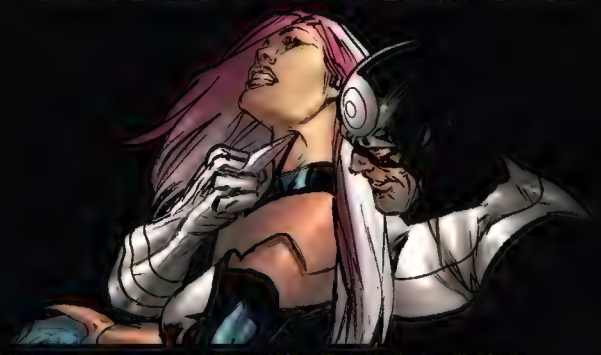
SONGBIRD

Thanks to Norman Osborn's decisive response and uncompromising leadership, the Thunderbolts played a key role in turning the tide against the recent Skrull invasion. Norman has been called to his reward in the nation's capital, leaving his team behind to tend their physical and psychological wounds.

Back at Thunderbolts Mountain, Radioactive Man unexpectedly found himself recalled to China. Moonstone drugged Penance and consigned him to a maximum-security mental facility, leaving Bullseye free to exact his long-awaited revenge upon the lone Songbird. Norman Osborn is cleaning house...



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THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN.
I KNOW HOW MUCH THIS BLADE IN YOU BACK *HURTS*, SONGBIRD. IT'S MY *BUSINESS* TO KNOW.
SAY IT.
K--
KK--
COME ON, YOU CAN DO IT. JUST TWO LITTLE WORDS, AND I'LL MAKE THE PAIN STOP.
SAY, "KILL ME."
K-K--
K-KIII--

KISS MY
ASS!

KRAK
OOF!
ATTAGIRL!
I WAS HOPING YOU'D HAVE A LITTLE FIGHT LEFT IN YA--!
KKZZZT

BULLSEYE!
UUHF!
WWNNGG
NNNGH... MY SONIC HARNESS--!
CAN'T... FLY OUT OF HERE!

'BOUT TIME SOMEBODY CLIPPED YOUR WINGS, LITTLE BIRDIE.
LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU PLAY WITHOUT YOUR FANCY GIMMICKS TO SAVE YOU!
NAAAH!
SHUNK
HEY! WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING--?

NO LOCK... THERE'S NO LOCK...
KLANG
NNNH!
EXIT
TEK
KZZT
THAT SHOULD DO IT.
DAMMIT! OPEN THIS HATCH!
YOU LOST HER?
I DIDN'T LOSE HER -- SHE'S IN SERVICE DUCT SEVEN. FRITZED THE LOCK.
JUST TELL ME WHERE IT COMES OUT.

FORGET IT, IT'S A MAZE DOWN THERE -- AND NO SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS.
SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE.
STILL, THE MOUNTAIN'S ON LOCK-DOWN. AT LEAST SHE CAN'T GET OUT.
MEET ME IN CONTROL. WE'LL FLUSH HER OUT FROM UP HERE.
MOONSTONE OUT.
VENOM, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET BULLSEYE SCREW THIS UP. NORMAN'S GOT TOO MUCH AT STAKE.
I WANT YOU TO HUNT THAT LITTLE WITCH DOWN, TEAR HER LIMB FROM LIMB AND THEN EAT WHATEVER'S LEFT.
CLEAR?
IT'S ABOUT TIME.
LIMB FROM LIMB.

SECURITY! THIS IS SONGBIRD, DO YOU COPY?
WE HAVE A CODE BLACK EMERGENCY -- BULLSEYE IS OFF THE LEASH! ACTIVATE HIS NANOCHAIN IMMEDIATELY!
SECURITY...?
WARNING
DEAD AIR.
SERVICE JUNCTION
CSA-TB 04-09
CAUTION
CHEMICALS
FIRE HAZARD
DAMN YOU, NORMAN...

WHUNCH
SNFF SNFF
HHRRRR...

SONGBIRD, DO YOU COPY? THIS IS MOONSTONE ON THE EMERGENCY P.A. SYSTEM.
IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW. BULLSEYE HAS BEEN CONTAINED. I'VE ACTIVATED HIS NANOCHAIN.
IS THAT RIGHT?
BUT, UH...I'M WORRIED ABOUT ROBBIE. I CAN'T RAISE HIM. IS HE WITH YOU?
NO.
THEN WE SHOULD REGROUP. MEET ME AT LANDING BAY CONTROL.
ON MY WAY.
YOU GET A FIX ON HER LOCATION?
SHE KILLED HER TRANSMITTER.
HELL WITH IT, THEN. LET'S JUST ACTIVATE HER NANOCHAIN.
WE'LL FRY HER CRISPY AND THROW WHAT'S LEFT TO VENOM.

THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM WITH THAT -- THE NANOCHAIN DEVICE HASN'T BEEN FUNCTIONAL SINCE THE INVASION.
THAT SKRULL LUNATIC DESTROYED THE CONTROL SYSTEM WHEN HE BLITZED NORMAN'S OFFICE.
WHAT?! AND YOU NEVER TOLD ME?!
THAT MACGUFFIN WAS THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT ME FROM KILLING YOU!
WHICH IS PRECISELY WHY I DIDN'T TELL YOU.
BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME, BULLSEYE...
YEAH? GIMME ONE GOOD REASON WHY NOT!
BECAUSE NORMAN TRIED THE STICK, AND IT DIDN'T WORK OUT SO WELL. SO NOW HE'S TRYING THE CARROT.
HE'S GOING TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT.
AND WHAT DO I WANT?
...OH, THAT IS NASTY.
THAT IS THE MOST INSANE THING I EVER HEARD.
IT'LL DRIVE THEM CRAZY...
I LOVE IT!

THEN PLAY NICE. AND KILL SONGBIRD FOR ME.
I WOULD IF I KNEW WHERE SHE WAS...
BUT I KNOW WHERE SHE *WILL* BE. SHE'S COMING *HERE.* TO *ME.*
BRAINS OVER BRAWN, BULLSEYE. SHE *TRUSTS* ME.
LIKE *HELL* SHE--
WAIT A SECOND. BACK UP.
IF SHE KILLED HER *TRANSMITTER,* HOW THE HELL WAS SHE *TALKING* TO YOU?
ULTRA-LOW FREQUENCY SONIC PULSE. SHE WAS TURNING THE ROCK OF THE MOUNTAIN INTO ONE GIANT *TUNING FORK.*
SOUND TRICKS? BUT I TRASHED HER *SONIC RIG!* SHE SHOULD BE *POWERLESS!*
UNLESS SHE GOT TO HER *BACK-UP* RIG. SHE ALWAYS KEEPS A *SPARE* IN THE--
OH NO...
WHERE? SHE KEEPS IT *WHERE...?*
IN THE ZEUS.

AW, NO FAIR.
YOU SAID IT, KARLA.
BRAINS OVER BRAWN.
FEMALE VOICE)) THEN PLAY NICE AND KILL SONGBIRD FOR ME
MALE VOICE)) I WOULD IF I KNEW WHERE SHE WAS
FEMALE VOICE)) BUT I KNOW WHERE SHE WILL BE SHE'S COMING HERE TO ME BRAINS OVER BRAWN BULLSEYE SHE TRUSTS ME
MALE VOICE)) LIKE HELL SHE WAIT A SECOND BACK UP IF SHE KILLED HER TRANSMITTER HOW THE HELL WAS SHE TALKING TO YOU

FWOOSSH
MOONSTONE! GO INTANGIBLE!
KREESH
WHA-BOOM
FAP

WAY AHEAD OF YOU, BULLSEYE.
REALLY, SONGBIRD...
...THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT PRADA.
TO HELL WITH THIS TEAM.

LIFE SIGNS -- NEGATIVE.
SORRY IT HAD TO END THIS WAY, KARLA -- BUT IT'S NOT LIKE YOU LEFT ME ANY CHOICE.
AND THERE WAS ME THINKING YOU COULD STILL REFORM.
WARNING -- HULL BREACH!
WHAT THE HELL...?
LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG! LET ME IN!
SHRRAKK
DAMN IT! GOT TO GET OUT IN THE OPEN--!
FWOOSH

VADOOM
NO YOU DON'T--
NNG!

GONNA RIP YOU IN HALF, GIRLIE!
VENOM--!
AAAH!
GIVE IT UP!
YOU THINK A SONIC BUBBLE'S GONNA SAVE YOU FROM ME?
SKKREENCH
AAAAH!

KA-CHOOM
KRAK
-AAOOFF!

I DON'T... DON'T BELIEVE IT...
I'M ALIVE!
WELL, LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES.
ISN'T THIS WHERE WE CAME IN?
FZZAKK
GRUBBY LITTLE PEON.
ANDREAS--!
YOU-- YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN ON THIS, WEREN'T YOU? YOU TRIED TO WARN ME...
WHY... WHY DID YOU SAVE ME...?
BECAUSE NORMAN OSBORN WANTS YOU DEAD.

SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS... I USED TO HAVE SUCH HIGH HOPES FOR THIS TEAM. WHAT WE COULD ACHIEVE. A SECOND CHANCE -- ONE LAST SHOT AT REDEMPTION... BUT NORMAN OSBORN PUT AN END TO ALL THAT. HE'S TWISTED IT INTO A SICK PARODY OF WHAT IT USED TO STAND FOR...
AND I... I JUST STOOD BY AND LET IT HAPPEN.
SPARE ME YOUR MORALISTIC SELF-PITY, WOMAN. YOU MUST FLEE, BEFORE BULLSEYE AND VENOM AWAKEN.
I'LL COVER FOR YOU. TELL THEM YOU WERE KILLED IN THE BLAST.
WHAT BLAST...?
FZZAKK
FWOOM

YOU DIED ON THE ZEUS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YOU WERE VAPORIZED INSTANTLY. NO BODY WILL BE FOUND.
ANDREAS, I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
THANKS, I GUESS...
YOU MAY YET CURSE ME FOR LETTING YOU LIVE, ONCE YOU WITNESS THE WORLD THAT IS TO COME.
NOW GO, WHILE YOU STILL CAN. HIDE WELL, AND GATHER YOUR STRENGTH.
A DARK REIGN IS COMING...
...AND WE EACH YET HAVE OUR PART TO PLAY IN IT.
NEXT: PRESIDENT EVIL!

MARVEL
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DARK REIGN
ANDY DIGGLE ROBERTO DE LA TORRE FRANK MARTIN
THUNDERBOLTS

Once they were among the worst examples of villainy mankind had to offer! But now, conscripted by the Commission on Superhuman Affairs, they have been transformed into a force for social justice! They are the Thunderbolts—federal marshals, empowered to track down and bring in unlicensed, unregistered superhuman offenders coast-to-coast!

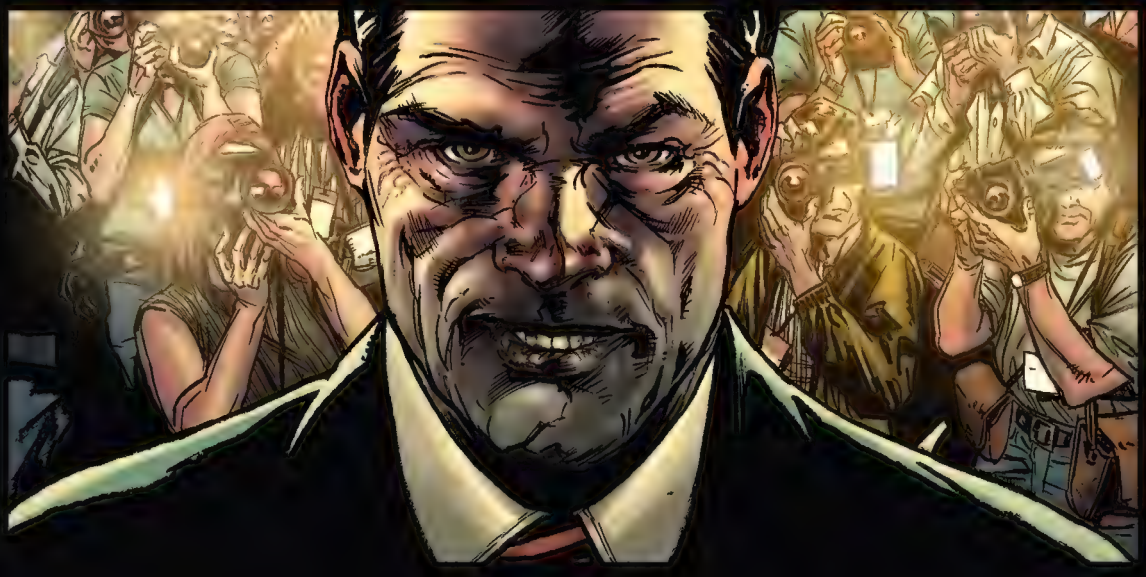
PREVIOUSLY IN

THUNDERBOLTS

Thanks to Norman Osborn's decisive response and uncompromising leadership, the Thunderbolts -- the worst examples of villainy empowered to hunt and arrest unregistered superhumans -- played a key role in turning the tide against the recent Skrull invasion.

Called to his reward in the nation's capital, Norman sent Bullseye to kill Songbird, who had tried to blackmail Norman with incriminating security footage of the Green Goblin. Songbird barely escaped with her life.

Now, having been appointed by the outgoing President to head up a replacement organization for S.H.I.E.L.D., Norman has officially disbanded the Thunderbolts. But a new President has just been inaugurated...



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DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. WASHINGTON D.C.
AREN'T YOU FREEZING?
I'M FINE.
HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE SUPPOSED TO WAIT FOR THIS JUMPED-UP LITTLE TWERP?
THEY SHOULD BE WITH US ANY MINUTE NOW.
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID HALF AN HOUR AGO.
I RESENT BEING SUMMONED LIKE SOME KIND OF... LACKEY.
I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO BE DOING RIGHT NOW. GLOBAL SECURITY INITIATIVES DON'T JUST RUN THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW.
HE'S THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO CAN MAKE YOU WAIT FOR HIM NOW. HE'S JUST MAKING SURE YOU KNOW IT.
AT LEAST LET ME GET YOU A COAT. IT MUST BE SIX BELOW OUT HERE...
I SAID I'M FINE.

FINALLY. ALRIGHT, MISS HAND...
MAKE ME LOOK GOOD.
MISTER OSBORN.
MISS HAND.
MISTER PRESIDENT. AN HONOR.
LOVED THE INAUGURATION.
THANK YOU FOR COMING AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE. I REALIZE YOU MUST BE A BUSY MAN, WHAT WITH OVERSEEING OUR S.H.I.E.L.D. REPLACEMENT...
WE'RE CALLING IT H.A.M.M.E.R.
I THINK IT GETS THE MESSAGE ACROSS.
AND WHAT MESSAGE IS THAT...?
THAT THIS TIME, WE'RE TAKING NO PRISONERS.

I'M EN ROUTE TO THE G8 SUMMIT IN MOSCOW. GOTTA GET THAT GLOBAL ECONOMY KICK-STARTED AFTER THE MESS THOSE SKRULLS MADE OF IT.
I'D LIKE YOU TO FLY WITH ME.
MISTER PRESIDENT, WITH RESPECT, I'M NEEDED RIGHT HERE, OVERSEEING HOMELAND SECURITY--
WE'LL PUT YOU ON THE RETURN FLIGHT HOME. YOU WON'T EVEN NEED YOUR PASSPORT.
YOU SEE, THE THING IS, NORMAN, I HAVE MISGIVINGS. GRAVE MISGIVINGS.
YOU'VE BEEN GRANTED UNPRECEDENTED POWERS...
MORE POWER, PERHAPS, THAN SHOULD RIGHTFULLY RESIDE IN THE HANDS OF ONE MAN IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY.
WITH RESPECT, THAT'S A LITTLE RICH COMING FROM THE SO-CALLED LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD.
NORMAN...
AND, WELL, NOW I'VE HEARD SOME ALLEGATIONS. SHOCKING ALLEGATIONS.
I THOUGHT IT ONLY FAIR TO GIVE YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO REFUTE THEM FACE-TO-FACE, AWAY FROM THE EYES OF THE MEDIA.
I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE, THE LAST THING THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS ANOTHER STARKGATE.

ALLEGATIONS? FROM WHOM?
I BELIEVE YOU'VE ALREADY MET...
DOCTOR LEONARD SAMSON.
MISTER PRESIDENT. THANK YOU FOR AGREEING TO SEE ME.
NORMAN.
I WASN'T SURE ABOUT THE IN-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT AROUND HERE, SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF BURNING MY OWN DVD.
SOME OF THE CAMERAWORK'S A LITTLE SHAKY, BUT BELIEVE ME, THERE'S PLENTY OF ACTION.
IT'S CALLED "MASSACRE AT THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN..."
I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE IT.

FORMER S.H.I.E.L.D. WEAPONS DEPOT. SIX WEEKS AGO.
DOGHOUSE, THIS IS RED DOG SEVEN CHECKIN' IN.
ALL QUIET ON THE CURTAIN WALL. ZERO CONTACTS.
ROGER THAT, SEVEN. STAY SHARP.
PERSONNEL ONLY
LETHAL RESPONSE

DZZZTT
ВИАУТІЖУЛ...
FREEZE!
HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE 'EM, LADY!
БЕ ПЕРЕВОДА.
YOU WANNA GIVE US AN EXCUSE TO FRY YA, PLEASE, GO RIGHT AHEAD.

I NEED TO TIE MY SHOE.
WH--?!
THOK
PTOO PTOO
FAD
FAD

OH, BRAVO!
CLAP CLAP
SHOW YOURSELF!
YELENA BELOVA -- ALIAS BLACK WIDOW II. I SEE YOUR REPUTATION IS WELL EARNED.
PLEASE, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF--
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OSBORN. AND IF YOU ARE HERE, THIS CAN ONLY BE TRAP.
SO TELL ME -- HOW MANY GUNS ARE ON ME RIGHT NOW?
NONE. I CAME ALONE.
DO YOU TAKE ME FOR FOOL? OR PERHAPS YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ME DOWN SINGLE-HANDED...
EITHER WAY, I AM INSULTED!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, YOU KNOW. YOUR S.H.I.E.L.D. FILE SAYS YOU WERE VAPORIZED FIGHTING THE AVENGERS...
THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO THINK.
GET TO THE POINT, OSBORN. MY TIME IS VALUABLE.

YOUR TIME IS WORTHLESS.
LOOK AT YOU. THE MOST LETHALLY EFFECTIVE AGENT EVER TO GRADUATE FROM MOSCOW'S RED ROOM TRAINING FACILITY...
...NOW REDUCED TO STEALING WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT FROM DECOMMISSIONED S.H.I.E.L.D. FACILITIES.
SUCH A WASTE.

YOU'RE A WARRIOR WITHOUT A WAR, YELENA. BUT I CAN GIVE YOU ONE.
YOU SEE, I'M ASSEMBLING A NEW COVERT ASSASSINATION SQUAD. OFF THE BOOKS, TOTALLY DENIABLE. UNLIMITED RESOURCES.
NO RULES, YELENA. YOU'D ANSWER TO NO ONE BUT MYSELF AND YOUR OWN--
WELL, I WAS GOING TO SAY YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE. BUT WE BOTH KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE ONE.
SO TELL ME...
...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE NEW FIELD LEADER OF THE THUNDERBOLTS?

ALASKAN AIRSPACE, NOW.
IN CLINICAL TERMS, THE WORDS PSYCHOTIC AND PSYCHOPATHIC ARE FAR FROM SYNONYMOUS...
...BUT IN NORMAN OSBORN'S CASE, BOTH APPLY.
I'D CHARACTERIZE HIM AS A BIPOLAR PSYCHOTIC WITH CONCURRENT ASPECTS OF PSYCHOPATHIC MEGALOMANIA AND MALIGNANT NARCISSISM.
IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, A LETHAL COCKTAIL OF INTERSECTING PERSONALITY DISORDERS THAT MAKES HIM ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS HUMAN BEINGS ON THE PLANET.
THAT'S QUITE AN ASSERTION, DOCTOR.
SO IN YOUR PROFESSIONAL OPINION, WOULD YOU CONSIDER MISTER OSBORN FIT TO RUN A GLOBAL SECURITY INITIATIVE?
IN MY PROFESSIONAL OPINION, MISTER PRESIDENT, NORMAN OSBORN ISN'T FIT TO WALK THE STREETS.
FRANKLY, HE SHOULD BE INCARCERATED IN A MAXIMUM-SECURITY MENTAL INSTITUTION FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY.
STICKS AND STONES, SAMSON.
GO AHEAD AND SAY YOUR PIECE. I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE.

THE TRUTH IS, SIR, THAT SHORTLY BEFORE THE SKRULL INVASION, NORMAN OSBORN SUFFERED A COMPLETE PSYCHOTIC BREAKDOWN AND MURDERED OVER A DOZEN C.S.A. SECURITY STAFF IN COLD BLOOD.
REALLY, SAMSON? THIS IS THE BEST YOU CAN COME UP WITH...?
MISTER PRESIDENT, AS MY REPORT CLEARLY STATED, THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN WAS ATTACKED BY PSYCHIC SUPER-TERRORISTS WHO MANIPULATED THE SECURITY DETACHMENT'S MEMORY OF EVENTS.
THIS IS A MATTER OF RECORD.
WERE THE SECURITY CAMERAS HALLUCINATING TOO?
THE VIDEO FEED CLEARLY SHOWS THE GREEN GOBLIN ATTEMPTING TO MURDER TWO C.S.A. MARSHALS.
FRIGHT MASKS CAN BE BOUGHT AT ANY FIVE AND DIME STORE, SAMSON.
FOR ALL WE KNOW, YOU WERE THE ONE WEARING IT.
WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING, OSBORN?
THE GOOD DOCTOR IS SIMPLY TRYING TO MASK HIS OWN CULPABILITY IN THIS MATTER BY MAKING SPURIOUS COUNTER-ACCUSATIONS.
HE WAS CLEARLY IN LEAGUE WITH THE TERRORISTS. EVEN AS THE ATTACK WAS UNFOLDING, HE WAS SMUGGLING A HIDDEN WEAPON IN THROUGH OUR BASE SECURITY.
GO AHEAD, SAMSON. DENY IT.

IS THIS TRUE, DOCTOR? DID YOU BREACH SECURITY?
WELL, ALRIGHT, YES, THAT MUCH IS TRUE -- BUT I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY TERRORISTS.
THE CERAMIC KNIFE WAS SIMPLY PART OF A RADICAL THERAPY I WAS DEVELOPING FOR ROBBIE...
THERAPY, HE CALLS IT.
SAMSON USED HIS CREDENTIALS AS A TRUSTED PSYCHIATRIC PROFESSIONAL TO GAIN ACCESS TO C.S.A. MARSHAL ROBERT BALDWIN -- A TROUBLED YOUNG MAN WITH DEEP EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS -- AND TRIED TO CONVINCE THE POOR BOY TO KILL HIMSELF!
AND WHEN OUR TEAM PSYCHIATRIST DOCTOR KARLA SOFEN TRIED TO STOP HIM, SAMSON BEAT HER ALMOST TO DEATH!
THAT'S AN OUTRAGEOUS DISTORTION OF THE FACTS, OSBORN, AND YOU KNOW IT.
ALRIGHT, GENTLEMEN, I THINK I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.
IT'S TIME I TOOK A LOOK AT THIS FOOTAGE AND DECIDED FOR MYSELF.
QUITE RIGHT, MISTER PRESIDENT...
I WAS ABOUT TO MAKE THE SAME SUGGESTION MYSELF.
BOEEP

EAGLE WING, BE ADVISED WE ARE NOW LEAVING ALASKAN AIRSPACE.
DO YOU READ ANY CONTACTS? OVER.
NEGATIVE, AIR FORCE ONE. WE GOT CLEAR SKIES ALL AROUND.
HOLYYY--!
WHA-BOOOM
WE JUST LOST EAGLE TWO!
I SAW A VAPOR TRAIL BUT I GOT ZIP ON THE SCOPE!

EAGLE TWO, EVASIVE! YOU GOT ONE ON YOUR TAIL!
CAN'T SHAKE THE SON OF A--
EJECT! EJECT!
FWOOSH
BREAK! BREAK! INCOMING!
AIR FORCE ONE, I READ THREE-- NEGATIVE, FOUR MISSILES INBOUND ON YOUR SIX!

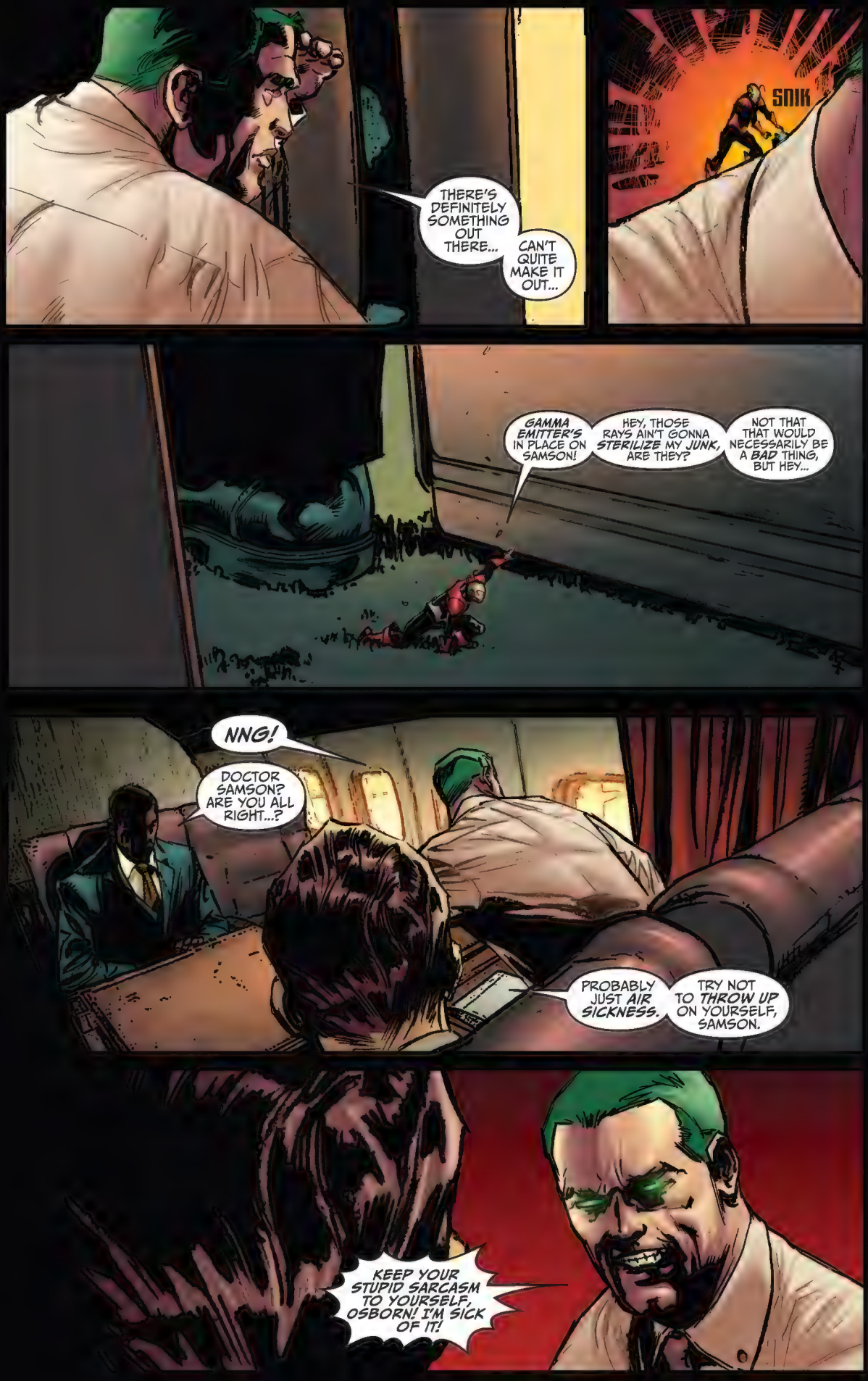
THEY'RE THROUGH OUR COUNTER-MEASURES!
BRACE FOR IMPACT!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
I--I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THEY'VE SELF-DETONATED!
WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!
ANDY_D
DON'T COUNT ON IT.
PTOO
ANDY_D

GGGGGGGGG--
THUNDERSTRIKE, THIS IS BLACK WIDOW.
COMMAND DECK IS SECURE. ACTIVATING SMOKE DECOYS...
"...NOW!"
POOM
POOM
ATTENTION ALL HANDS! WE HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY FORCES UNKNOWN!
MISSILES HAVE TAKEN OUT ALL FOUR OF OUR ENGINES AND WE ARE GOING DOWN HARD!
WE MAY HAVE JUST ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO GLIDE BACK TO THE COAST, BUT WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO AN AIRFIELD! I'M GOING TO TRY AND PUT US DOWN ON THE BERING GLACIER!
EVERYONE STRAP IN AND BRACE FOR CRASH LANDING!

ALRIGHT ANT-MAN, YOU DISGUSTING LITTLE PERVERT-- YOU'RE UP.
AND YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HIDE IN MY POCKET!
YEAH, BUT WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?
OOH! NO, WAIT! I GOT A BETTER ONE --
"JUST KEEPING ABREAST OF THE SITUATION!"
EH? EH?
POINK
YOWCH!
FAP
ALRIGHT, I GET IT! LOOK BUT DON'T TOUCH!
MAN, ALL WORK AND NO PLAY...
NOW WHICH WAY IS THE WHAT NOW...?

THIS WAY, MISTER PRESIDENT.
DON'T WORRY, SIR. THIS IS THE SAFEST, MOST SECURE AIRCRAFT EVER BUILT.
TELL THAT TO OUR FIGHTER ESCORT. DID THEY MANAGE TO EJECT IN TIME?
I'M SURE THEY'RE FINE, SIR.
A-HA!
HEY, WATCH OUT!
JUST LIKE THE MAN -- ALWAYS TRYIN' TA STEP ON THE LITTLE GUY!
I VOTED FOR COLBERT ANYWAY...
PUT THIS IN THE CRASH-PROOF SAFE, JUST IN CASE.
YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES, SIR.
RENEGADE IS SECURE.
ROGER THAT.
E.T.A. TO LANDFALL, SEVENTEEN MINUTES.

SAFE WON'T OPEN... HAS SOMEONE CHANGED THE ACCESS CODE...?
THAT WOULD BE ME.
AAAH!
FZZZK
THIS IS GHOST.
I HAVE THE DISK.
THEN LET'S HIT 'EM WITH THE SHOW-STOPPER.


THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING OUT THERE...
CAN'T QUITE MAKE IT OUT...
SNIK
GAMMA EMITTER'S IN PLACE ON SAMSON!
HEY, THOSE RAYS AIN'T GONNA STERILIZE MY JUNK, ARE THEY?
NOT THAT THAT WOULD NECESSARILY BE A BAD THING, BUT HEY...
NNG!
DOCTOR SAMSON? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT...?
PROBABLY JUST AIR SICKNESS.
TRY NOT TO THROW UP ON YOURSELF, SAMSON.
KEEP YOUR STUPID SARCASM TO YOURSELF, OSBORN! I'M SICK OF IT!

NOW, NOW, DOCTOR. DON'T GET ANGRY.
WE WOULDN'T LIKE YOU WHEN YOU'RE ANGRY.
THUD
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
SOMETHING ON THE HULL--!
OH MY GOD -- IT'S A TRAP!
HE SET THIS UP!
SAMSON -- HE'S WORKING WITH HIM!
WHO?
WORKING WITH WHO--?
CHOOM

WHO D'YA THINK?!
A-HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
Next: It's Not Easy, Being Green...

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DARK REIGN
ANDY DIGGLE ROBERTO DE LA TORRE FRANK MARTIN
THUNDERBOLTS
VOTE

PREVIOUSLY IN

THUNDERBOLTS

Norman Osborn, who has publicly disbanded the hero-hunting Thunderbolts, has been appointed by the outgoing President to head up a replacement organization for S.H.I.E.L.D. But a new President has just been inaugurated, and he's invited Norman aboard Air Force One to explain the shocking allegations made by eminent psychologist Dr. Leonard Samson.

Thanks to former Thunderbolt Songbird, Doc Samson has video footage of Norman Osborn's recent mental breakdown, which ended with Norman lapsing into his murderous Green Goblin persona and running amok in Thunderbolts Mountain. Norman is willing to do anything to make sure the President never sees the footage -- including hijacking Air Force One!

Madness erupts in Alaskan airspace as the mighty aircraft is seized by Osborn's new covert team of Thunderbolts, led by Russian spy Yelena Belova, a.k.a. Black Widow II. Amid the confusion, Ant-Man plants a gamma-radiation emitter on Doc Samson, triggering a rage-fuelled transformation in the doctor. And to the astonishment of all, that's when the Green Goblin blasts his way into what used to be the safest plane in the free world...

ANDY DIGGLE
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With CARLOS MAGNO
And SCOTT HANNA
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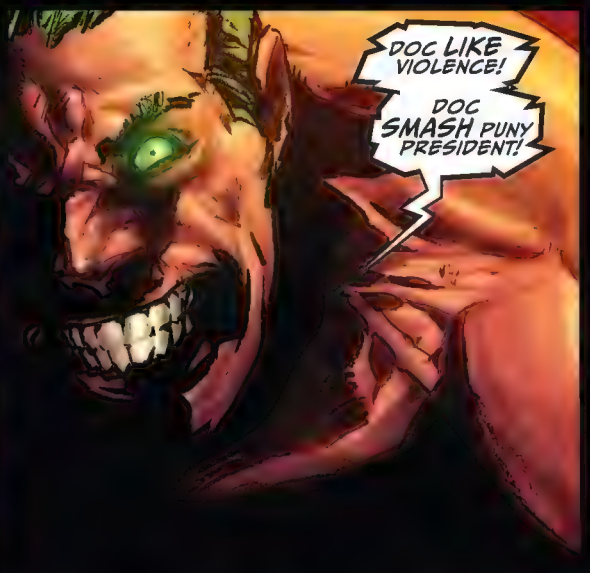
CODE RED!
AIR FORCE ONE HAS BEEN BREACHED--!
A-HA HA HAHAHA HAAAAH!
IT'S THE GREEN GOBLIN!
BOOM
AAAGH!

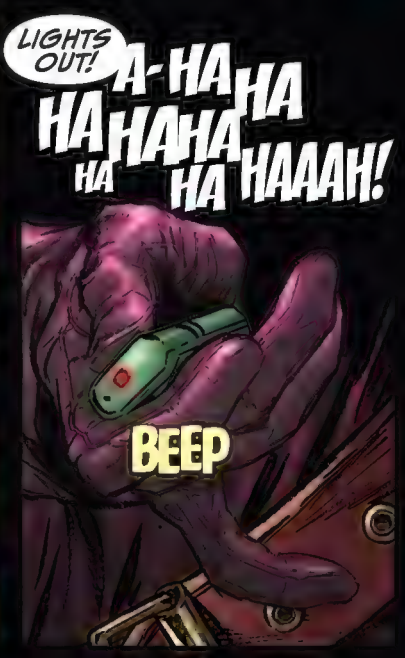
THIS WAY, MISTER PRESIDENT! WE HAVE TO GET YOU TO THE ESCAPE POD!
WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING BACK THERE...?
OUT OF THE WAY, SAMSON!
DON'T PUSH DOC!
DOC PUSH YOU!
DOC SAMSON'S HULKING OUT!
GOTTA PROTECT THE PRESIDENT--!
TAKE HIM OUT!
BLAM BLAM BLAM

BAH! DOC SMASH!
WHUNCH

EVERYONE, HOLD YOUR FIRE!
LISTEN TO ME, DOCTOR. YOUR NAME IS LEONARD SAMSON. YOU ARE A PSYCHIATRIST. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
THERE IS NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE.


DOC LIKE VIOLENCE!
DOC SMASH PUNY PRESIDENT!

ATTABOY, DOC! COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YA!
BUT I THINK I CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE...


LIGHTS OUT!
A-HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAAAH!
BEEP

AAAAGH!
HRRRR!
DOC TOO STRONG FOR STUPID TOY!
OH, THE NEURAL SCRAMBLER WAS NEVER DESIGNED TO RENDER YOU UNCONSCIOUS, SAMSON...
JUST THE WITNESSES.
GHOST.
NOW.
HELLO.
WHUH...?!

LET GO!
DOC SMASH STUPID FLOATY MAN!
CAN'T SMASH WHAT YOU CAN'T TOUCH, MUSCLEHEAD.
UH-OH.
YAAAAAAH!
HEHH.
THE BIGGER THEY ARE...

THIS IS NEVER GONNA WORK, THIS IS NEVER GONNA WORK...
I KNEW I SHOULDA JOINED THE SECRET WARRIORS INSTEAD...
ALRIGHT, PREZ, THIS SHOULD WAKE YOU UP FASTER'N A TRIPLE ESPRESSO. YOU MIGHT FEEL A LITTLE PRICK--
...WAIT, THAT CAME OUT WRONG!
WHUUUH... ?
JUST YOU AND ME NOW, BIG MAN! TIME FOR A LITTLE REGIME CHANGE!
NOT SO FAST, GOBLIN.
EH?

WUH!
WHOKK
OSBORN--!
I SHOULD HAVE GUTTED YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE--BACK AT THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN!
STILL...
...THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT!
GET YOURSELF TO SAFETY, MISTER PRESIDENT...
I'LL HANDLE THIS MANIAC!
FAP
RAAGH!

LOOK AT YOU, OSBORN! SO SMUG! YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT ALL SEWN UP, DON'T YOU!
BUT DO YOU REALLY IMAGINE YOU CAN PROTECT THESE PEOPLE FROM THE LIKES OF ME?!
WHAT YOU NEED IS A LESSON IN HUMILITY!
AND WHAT YOU NEED, GOBLIN...
...IS YOUR BAT-GLIDER!

NNOOOO!

I THINK WE'RE DONE WITH YOU, GOBLIN...
...WHOEVER YOU WERE.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER PRESIDENT?
I'M FINE... A LITTLE WOOZY IS ALL. BUT MY STAFF, ARE THEY...?
THEY'LL BE FINE, SIR. JUST A LITTLE HUNG OVER.
THE GOBLIN HIT US WITH A NEURAL SCRAMBLER, BUT THE EFFECTS ARE SHORT-LIVED.
SO, ARE WE IN THE CLEAR? WHAT HAPPENED TO SAMSON?
THE GOBLIN TOSSED HIM OUT. I GUESS HE DIDN'T NEED HIM ANY MORE...
BUT SAMSON'S A TOUGH ONE. HULKED-OUT, HE COULD WELL HAVE SURVIVED THE FALL.
THEN YOU'D BETTER FIND HIM...
...AND BRING HIM TO ACCOUNT!

OUGHTA GET AN OSCAR FER THAT LI'L PERFORMANCE...
ALRIGHT, HERE WE GO. BETTER PRAY THIS GIZMO OF YOURS WORKS, OSBORN...
BDEEP
...OR I'LL BE WAITIN' TA CLAIM YER HEAD IN HELL!
WHOOP---!
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW...
HEADSMAN TA THUNDERSTRIKE! I'M ON THE DANGLE AN' READY FER PICKUP!
ROGER THAT, HEADSMAN! WE GOT YA!
YA KNOW WHAT I THINK, PALADIN...?
OSBORN AIN'T PAYIN' US ENOUGH FER THIS GIG!
LONG AS HE'S PAYIN', HEADSMAN...
LONG AS HE'S PAYIN'.

I GUESS I'D BETTER GET TO THAT ESCAPE POD...
NO TIME, MISTER PRESIDENT.
WE'VE LOST ALL ENGINES AND WE'RE TOO LOW TO EJECT. YOU'D CRATER IN THE ICE BEFORE THE CHUTES HAD TIME TO OPEN.
THEN WHAT...?
BUCKLE UP.
THE PILOT'S GLIDING US IN FOR AN EMERGENCY LANDING ON THE BERING GLACIER.
THEN YOU'D BETTER GET EVERYONE ELSE STRAPPED IN, OSBORN...
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE IN FOR A BUMPY RIDE.
ALL HANDS, BRACE FOR IMPACT!
WE'RE COMING DOWN HARD!

CHËRT VOZ'MI!

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

SSCRREEEEEETCHH

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET THE PRESIDENT OUT TO *SAFETY* BEFORE THE *FUEL TANKS* GO UP!

LET'S *MOVE!*

CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR H.A.M.M.E.R. TEAM GOT HERE THIS FAST...
THIS IS WHAT WE DO, SIR. ANY TIME, ANY PLACE. WHATEVER THE EMERGENCY.
AFTER THE BLOATED COMPLACENCY OF S.H.I.E.L.D., I THINK YOU'LL FIND WE'RE A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME.
S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS SAVED OUR WORLD MORE TIMES THAN YOU KNOW, OSBORN. AND MANY GAVE THEIR LIVES DOING IT.
I'D SAY THEY DESERVE OUR RESPECT, DON'T YOU?
...OF COURSE.

ORDERS, DIRECTOR OSBORN?
SECURE THE AREA. I WANT A FULL NUCLEAR, CHEMICAL, BACTERIAL, TECH AND PSYCHIC SWEEP OF AIR FORCE ONE.
IF THE GREEN GOBLIN LEFT BEHIND SO MUCH AS A STRAY BACTERIUM, I WANT IT GENE-SEQUENCED AND BACK-TRACED TO A CONFIRMED IDENTITY WITHIN THE HOUR.
W-WITHIN THE HOUR...?
AND PUT OUT A GLOBAL WARRANT ORDER ON DOCTOR LEONARD SAMSON.
HE TRIED TO KILL THE PRESIDENT.

S.H.I.E.L.D. IS GONNA BE A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW, OSBORN. I HOPE TO SEE YOU RISE TO THE CHALLENGE.
I CAN SEE YOUR *TRUST* IS SOMETHING I'M GOING TO HAVE TO EARN, SIR. AND I RESPECT THAT...
THE TRUTH IS, I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR HAVING *RESERVATIONS* ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT.
I'VE HAD A... *CHECKERED* PAST, IT'S TRUE--AND CLEARLY, OUR ENEMIES HAVE BEEN TRYING TO *EXPLOIT* THAT.
THE *THUNDERBOLTS* PROGRAM WAS ALWAYS ABOUT OFFERING THE CHANCE OF *REDEMPTION* TO THOSE WHO'D TAKEN A *WRONG TURN* IN LIFE.
I GUESS WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE AWAY FROM THIS IS THAT *YOU'RE* LIVING PROOF IT CAN *WORK.*
I'VE *CONQUERED* MY *DEMONS,* SIR...
AND I WOULD HOPE THAT, TOGETHER, WE CAN CONQUER *AMERICA'S.*

SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA.
--AUDACIOUS ATTACK ON AIR FORCE ONE WAS SINGLE-HANDEDLY AVERTED BY H.A.M.M.E.R. DIRECTOR NORMAN OSBORN.
NOW THASS WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT.
WHILE SOURCES INDICATE THE GREEN GOBLIN APPARENTLY FELL TO HIS DEATH IN THE BERING STRAIT...
...WOULD-BE PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSIN DOCTOR LEONARD SAMSON IS BELIEVED TO STILL BE AT LARGE, AND IS NOW WANTED FOR QUESTIONING.
PHIL?
THAT OSBORN...MAN, THEY SHOULD MAKE HIM PRESIDENT.
YOU'RE OFF YOUR MEDS. THE GUY'S A BONA FIDE SON-OF-A-@#$%.
YEAH, BUT HE'S OUR SON-OF-A-@#$%, Y'KNOW? S'WHAT WE NEED, TIMES LIKE THIS...
THANKS, CINDY.
IF THERE WERE EVER ANY DOUBT ABOUT THE DECISION TO PUT NORMAN OSBORN IN CHARGE OF OUR NATIONAL SECURITY, I'D SAY THOSE DOUBTS HAVE NOW BEEN WELL AND TRULY LAID TO REST.
WHOLE COUNTRY'S GONE AS CRAZY AS OSBORN...

LOOK, ALL I'M SAYIN', YOUR TOUCHY-FEELY *LEFTY LIBERAL* CRAP AIN'T GONNA CUT IT THE NEXT TIME WE GET INVADED BY *BODY-SNATCHIN' SPACE ALIENS!*
AIN'T THAT RIGHT, LADY?
WHADDA YOU THINK?
WHAT DO I THINK...?
I THINK NORMAN OSBORN IS GOING TO BLEED THIS COUNTRY DRY AND DESECRATE THE CORPSE...
...UNLESS SOMEBODY STEPS UP AND STOPS HIM.
OBEY

THE CUBE: LOCATION CLASSIFIED. FORMER SUPERMAX DETENTION FACILITY.
MAN, NORMAN OSBORN PULLS ME OUTTA PRISON FOR THIS CRAZY GIG...
AN' THE MOMENT IT'S DONE, I WIND UP BACK IN ANOTHER ONE!
STILL, I GUESS IT'S A STEP UP...
LAST TIME I LAID EYES ON NORM, HE WAS TRYIN' TA KILL ME!

MAYBE HE FIGURES WE'RE QUITS.
HEADSMAN
ALIAS: UNKNOWN
GOTTA BE A PRETTY SAFE PLACE TO HOLE UP, THOUGH, RIGHT? I MEAN, HELL, THEY USED TO KEEP DOCTOR DOOM HERE!
ANT-MAN
ALIAS: ERIC O'GRADY
THE SECURITY NETWORK HERE IS A JOKE. A CHILD COULD CRACK IT.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO REWRITE THE CORE SYSTEM FROM SCRATCH.
GHOST
ALIAS: UNKNOWN
LONG AS THIS PLACE HAS A WELL-STOCKED BEER COOLER, I'M IN LIKE FLYNN.
I'D SAY THIS CAPER WENT PRETTY SLICK FOR A FIRST RUN OUTTA THE GATE. YOU RUN A TIGHT CREW, DEVOTCHKA.
PALADIN
ALIAS: UNKNOWN
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE RUSSIAN?
THIS OPERATION WAS NOT SLICK. WAS RUSTY. WE ARE SISTER TEAM NOW TO AVENGERS, YOU UNDERSTAND? WE ARE AT WHOLE NEW LEVEL.
THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKES.
BLACK WIDOW II
ALIAS: YELENA BELOVA

THUNDERBOLTS, LISTEN UP. AIR FORCE ONE WAS ADMISSION TEST.
NOW COMES REAL WORK.
SO MUCH FOR DOWNTIME...
MAN, OUR GLORIOUS LEADER IS KILLIN' MY BUZZ.
I HEAR YOU, PAL. WHEN THE WIDOW TALKS I CAN FEEL MYSELF SHRINKIN'--
AND I AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT THE ANT SUIT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
WE HAVE NEW PRIORITY TARGET.
INTEL INDICATES HE INTENDS TO MAKE A PLAY FOR NORMAN OSBORN HIMSELF--- WITHIN AVENGERS TOWER.
WE ARE TO ENSURE HE DOES NOT SUCCEED.
HE'S GONNA TRY FER NORMAN INNA SAME BUILDING WHERE THE AVENGERS LAY THEIR HEADS?
WHAT IS THIS GUY, CRAZY...?

NEXT: "MAGNUM OPUS" PART 1...IN DEADPOOL #8!

MARVEL
132
DARK REIGN™
THUNDERBOLTS®
ANDY DIGGLE
ROBERTO DELATORRE
FRANK MARTIN

After being appointed the head of H.A.M.M.E.R. -- S.H.I.E.L.D.'s replacement organization -- Norman Osborn publicly disbanded his hero-hunting Thunderbolts. But unbeknownst to the world at large, Osborn has replaced them with a team of covert operatives answerable only to himself. Led by the ruthless Russian agent Yelena Belova, a.k.a. Black Widow II, they are the...

THUNDERBOLTS

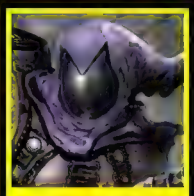
Yelena's squad of killers, thieves and sociopaths are tasked with doing Norman Osborn's dirty work -- by any means necessary. After their first mission -- the mid-air hijacking of Air Force One -- ended in success, the crew thought they were ready for anything. But after a deadly game of cat and mouse with the mercenary Deadpool left them with broken bones and bruised egos, the team retreated to their headquarters in the decommissioned CUBE prison to await their next mission...

BLACK WIDOW II

ANT-MAN

PALADIN

GHOST


HEADSMAN

ANDY DIGGLE
Writer

ROBERTO DE LA TORRE
Artist

FRANK MARTIN
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COMICRAFT'S ALBERT DESCHESNE
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THE CUBE: THUNDERBOLTS H.Q. LOCATION CLASSIFIED.
COMPUTER, GIVE ME LIVE FEED FROM DINING HALL.
PULL UP SOUND.
DO YOU WISH ME TO RECORD?
NYET. PUT NOTHING ON FILE.
I ONLY LISTEN.
CAM-A008
600822JKB-00 6:00
ZOOM-5% RADIAL 0066
IF THIS PLACE USED TO BE A PRISON, I THINK THEY MUST HAVE KEPT A FEW INMATES AROUND TO WORK THE CANTEEN.
TALK ABOUT CRUEL AN' UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT...
BETTER'N THE PIG-SWILL THEY SERVE AT RYKERS. I GOT NO COMPLAINTS.

SO WHERE'S THE *WIDOW?* I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO WATCHING HER EAT.
WHAT? SOMETIMES I LIKE TO WATCH A WOMAN *EAT!*
WHAT'S WRONG WITH *THAT?!*
SO, UH, ANYWAY, NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT...
UH, WHAT'S UP WITH THAT *GHOST* GUY, THOUGH, HUH? DOES THAT GUY EVEN EAT AT *ALL?*
I SAW 'EM WHEELING BOXES OF M.R.E.'S TO GHOST'S QUARTERS. ARMY RATIONS. HE *LIVES* ON THAT CRAP.
THAT CREEP TAKES PARANOIA TO A WHOLE NEW LEVEL. Y'KNOW HE WELDED SHUT THE DOOR TA HIS OWN QUARTERS?
ONLY WAY IN NOW IS WITH THAT CRAZY INTANGIBILITY SUIT HE WEARS...
PALADIN

AN' HE NEVER TAKES THE SUIT OFF. NOT EVEN TO SHOWER.
GUY'S SPENDING WAY TOO MUCH TIME INTANGIBLE. I THINK IT'S MAYBE MESSING WITH HIS HEAD.
ANT-MAN
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT. WHEN DEADPOOL HIT HIM WITH THAT SONIC BOMB, GHOST THREW UP IN HIS HELMET, RIGHT?
JUDGING BY THE SMELL, HE STILL HASN'T CLEANED IT OUT.
PALADIN
EWW! MAN, THE GUY'S GOTTA BE CRAZIER THAN NORMAN OSBORN'S HAIRDRESSER.
WHY'S HE EVEN ON THE TEAM?
SAME REASON AS THE REST OF US, I GUESS...
PERSONALLY I'M IN IT FOR THE GREEN MORE THAN THE GOBLIN, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
GHOST'S A WHADDAYACALLIT. "ANTI-CORPORATE TERRORIST."
HE DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS ABOUT MONEY.
I GUESS SINCE STARK WENT DOWN THE TUBES, OSBORN'S THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN--AND HE'D RATHER HAVE GHOST INSIDE THE TENT PISSING OUT.
EITHER THAT, OR GHOST KNOWS SOMETHING WE DON'T...

CAM-00|22
HEY, GHOST, YA IN THERE? IT'S HEADSMAN. I BROUGHT YA SOME FOOD.
I NEVER EAT FOOD THAT I HAVEN'T PREPARED MYSELF.
YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. NOT THESE DAYS.
GHOST
YOU SAID IT WAS THE SECOND TIME YOU'D SAVED ME.
WHEN WAS THE FIRST?
OH, OKAY. I, UH, I FIGURED WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME TEAM, BUT HEY.
LISTEN, I ALSO WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR SAVIN' MY BUTT THE OTHER DAY. BUT SOMETHIN' YOU SAID, IT'S BEEN RATTLIN' AROUND MY HEAD EVER SINCE...
NOT OUT HERE.

WHOA--!
MAN, IT STINKS IN HERE! YOUR SHOWER BROKEN...?
OH, OKAY. I, UH, GUESS YA DON'T NEED IT.
M.R.E
Meals Ready to Eat
YOU HAVE WORKED WITH NORMAN OSBORN BEFORE, YES?
YEARS BACK, YEAH. DID A LITTLE STRONG-ARM WORK FOR OSCORP, TESTIN' OUT A GLIDER PROTOTYPE.
SO YOU KNOW HOW TO RIDE A BAT-GLIDER, AND YOU HAVE PRIOR HISTORY WITH OUR DIRECTOR.
THIS IS WHY HE PLUCKED YOU FROM OBSCURITY TO IMPERSONATE THE GREEN GOBLIN, YES?
I GUESS THAT'S MAYBE ONE A' THE REASONS. I'M A USEFUL GUY TA HAVE AROUND, Y'KNOW...?

HEHH.
SO OSBORN THREW YOU OUT OF AIR FORCE ONE.
JUST LIKE WE PLANNED...
AND WITNESSES WOULD ASSUME THE GREEN GOBLIN HAD FALLEN TO HIS DEATH.
NOT KNOWING YOU HAD A GRAVITY-GRIP TO SAVE YOU.
M.R.E
Meals Ready to Eat
RIGHT. WHAT'S YOUR POINT, GHOST?
BEFORE WE EMBARKED ON THE MISSION, I TRIPLE-CHECKED THE EQUIPMENT.
I ALWAYS TRIPLE-CHECK THE EQUIPMENT.
INCLUDING YOUR GRAVITY-GRIP.
IT WAS FAULTY.
IT...IT WAS?

I FIXED IT.
IF I HADN'T, YOU WOULD BE DEAD.
HOLY...
YA THINK...
YA THINK OSBORN SABOTAGED IT DELIBERATELY...?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT ASK YOURSELF THIS...
WHO BENEFITS IF THE GREEN GOBLIN IS FOUND DEAD?
SONUVA...
THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS THERE'S A PERFECTLY INNOCENT EXPLANATION.
HEHH.
BUT AS I SAID, YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. NEVER FORGET WE ARE HERE TO SERVE NORMAN OSBORN'S AGENDA...
...AND WE ARE-- ALL OF US-- EXPENDABLE.

I SEE GHOST... BUT WHERE IS HEADSMAN...?
STILL IN MY QUARTERS.
WHAT YOU'RE WATCHING IS A C.G.I. CONSTRUCT I LOOPED INTO YOUR SECURITY FEED.
AAAH!
WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS?
LET'S JUST SAY I VALUE MY PRIVACY.
TELL YOUR BOSS, I AGREED TO PLAY FOR HIS TEAM.
BUT IF HE TRIES TO HAVE ME SPIED ON AGAIN, I'LL STOP HIS HEART IN HIS SLEEP.
ZA BAZÁR OTVÉTISH', ZHÓPA.

WHO EXACTLY IS THIS CREEP NORMAN'S SENDIN' US AFTER?
HE ERASED TRUE IDENTITY YEARS AGO, PALADIN, AFTER MURDERING ENTIRE FAMILY.
NOW HE IS KNOWN ONLY AS...
...MISTER X.
REIGNING CHAMPION OF MADRIPOOR'S ANNUAL BLOODSPORT FIGHT TOURNAMENT. HE HAS TERMINATION WARRANTS OUT ON HIM IN SEVENTEEN COUNTRIES.
MAKE NO MISTAKE--HE IS MOST DANGEROUS OPPONENT ANY OF YOU HAVE EVER FACED. TO UNDERESTIMATE HIM IS TO DIE.
HE DON'T LOOK LIKE SUCH HOT STUFF TA ME.
WHAT'S HIS SECRET?
ACCORDING TO HIS S.H.I.E.L.D. FILE, HE IS LOW-LEVEL PSYCHIC.
HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM AUTOMATICALLY MAPS ON TO NEURAL MOTOR-FUNCTION PRECURSORS OF ANYONE IN CLOSE PROXIMITY.

AND IN ENGLISH?
MR. X CAN REFLEXIVELY PREDICT HIS OPPONENT'S MOVES, ALLOWING HIM TO BLOCK THEM-- EFFORTLESSLY.
THIS WAY, HE ONCE BEAT EVEN WOLVERINE IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.
IMAGINE THIS.
INTERESTING...
YEAH, WELL, TAKE IT FROM ME-- YOU DON'T WANNA BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ IN A S.H.I.E.L.D. FILE.
INCLUDING YOURS, O'GRADY?
UH, OKAY, MOVING ON...

DAMN, THE SHADES-WEARIN' CREEP'S KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN OLD AGE...
HE IS CLINICAL SOCIOPATH WITH DEATH FIXATION. HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF A CONNOISSEUR OF KILLING ARTS.
WE BELIEVE HE FORMS EMPATHIC LINK WITH HIS VICTIMS AND SAVORS, FIRST-HAND, THEIR MOMENT OF DEATH AT HIS OWN HANDS.
HE GETS OFF ON IT.
THE SICK SON OF A BITCH...
TONIGHT, MISTER X WILL BE ATTENDING GRAND OPENING OF NEW OPERA HOUSE WITH TYGER TIGER, MADRIPOOR'S ABSOLUTE RULER.
THEN THE PLACE'LL BE CRAWLING WITH SECURITY. HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO GET UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL?
WITH THESE.
TIGHTS?
YA GOTTA BE KIDDING ME...

MADRIPOOR.
I SHOULD THANK YOU FOR AGREEING TO JOIN ME TONIGHT, MISTER X...
I'M ONLY TOO HAPPY TO DO YOU THE FAVOR, LADY TIGER. IT DOES YOUR POPULARITY GOOD TO BE SEEN WITH ME.
AFTER ALL, THE PEOPLE CAN'T HELP BUT LOVE THEIR CHAMPION EVEN MORE THAN THEIR RULER...
BESIDES, RUMOR HAS IT THERE'S GOING TO BE AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT THIS EVENING, AND I NEVER BACK DOWN FROM A CHALLENGE.
ANYTHING TO RELIEVE THE ENNUI.
AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT? MADNESS. MY SECURITY IS SECOND TO NONE.
NOTHING LIVING CAN BE BEAMED IN THROUGH OUR TELEPORT SHIELDS, AND EVERYONE IS SCREENED FOR WEAPONS BEFORE BEING ALLOWED INTO THE OPERA HOUSE.
BUT LADY TIGER, DON'T FORGET...
I AM A WEAPON.

YOU SEEM BORED.
THIS NEW PRIMA BALLERINA IS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD, BUT THE MALE LEAD FILLS ME WITH AN URGE TO KILL.
MORE SO THAN *USUAL*, THAT IS.
HE LACKS YOUR GRACE, I'D AGREE.
I'D SAY HE'S NEVER TROD THE BOARDS BEFORE IN HIS LIFE.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS PERFORMANCE IS GOING TO PROVE *INTERESTING*...

FEELIN' KINDA EXPOSED UP HERE, WIDOW...AN' I AIN'T JUST TALKING ABOUT THE FACT WE AIN'T ARMED!
JUST BE READY TO HIT YOUR MARK, PALADIN. TIMING IS EVERYTHING.
ANT-MAN TO BLACK WIDOW! I'M RIGHT ABOVE CENTER STAGE. TELEPORTER'S IN POSITION!
HEADSMAN HERE. WEAPONS READY.
STAND BY TO TRANSMIT ON MY MARK.
THREE, TWO, ONE...
MARK!

FZZAK
BLAM
BLAM

BZAKk
BZAKk
THE SWAN! SHE'S TELEPORTED IN HER OWN WEAPONS!
PROTECT LADY TIGER!
DZAM
DZAM

STUN WEAPONS? HOW QUAINT...
LADY TIGER! THIS WAY!
X, YOU'RE NOT COMING WITH ME?
YOU GET YOURSELF TO SAFETY, LADY TIGER. I'LL HANDLE THESE AMATEURS.
I COULD USE A LITTLE WORKOUT.

MISTER X! YOU GOT TERMINATION WARRANTS ON YOU IN SEVENTEEN COUNTRIES.
AND SINCE MADRIPOOR DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ANY EXTRADITION TREATIES...
...WE WILL SKIP STRAIGHT TO EXECUTION!
EXIT
YOU TALK PRETTY TOUGH FOR A GUY IN A TUTU.
DZAM
DZAM
AND YOU SOUND PRETTY COCKY FOR A GUY WHO WEARS SHADES...
...INDOORS...
SMAK
DZAM
...AT NIGHT!

UNGH!
C'MERE--!
GUH!
THOKK
NOW THEN, WHERE WERE WE? YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT...
TERMINATION?

YOU CAN DROP ACT NOW. ALL HAVE FLED.
WHO HAVE...?
THE WITNESSES, SMART GUY.
GHOST? IS ALL CLEAR.
SEND IN BODY.
FZZAKK
WHUD
SO WHO'S MY BODY DOUBLE?
NOBODY WHO WILL BE MISSED.

SPLOOSH
FWOOSH
SO, WIDOW, I CAN'T HELP WONDERIN'. IF WE'RE NORMAN OSBORN'S HIT SQUAD...
...HOW COME WE NEVER SEEM TO ACTUALLY KILL ANYBODY FER REAL?
SHUT UP, O'GRADY.

I THINK YOU'LL FIND ALL THAT'S ABOUT TO CHANGE.
KILLING IS WHAT I DO.
AND NOW THAT YOU ARE OFFICIALLY DEAD, YOU MAY OPERATE WITH IMPUNITY.
WELCOME TO THUNDERBOLTS.
I DON'T GET IT, X. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
YEAH, OSBORN'S PAYIN' US THROUGH A HOSE FOR THIS GIG, BUT YOU'RE ALREADY RICHER'N HE IS.
SO WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?
IT'S PERFECTLY SIMPLE. I'M BORED, AND I'M LOOKING FOR A CHALLENGE.
AND IF YOU PEOPLE CAN'T SET ME UP AGAINST SOME OPPONENTS CAPABLE OF ACTUALLY TESTING MY SKILLS...
...I'LL JUST HAVE TO SETTLE FOR KILLING ALL OF YOU.
NEXT: SONGBIRD STRIKES!

NEXT ISSUE

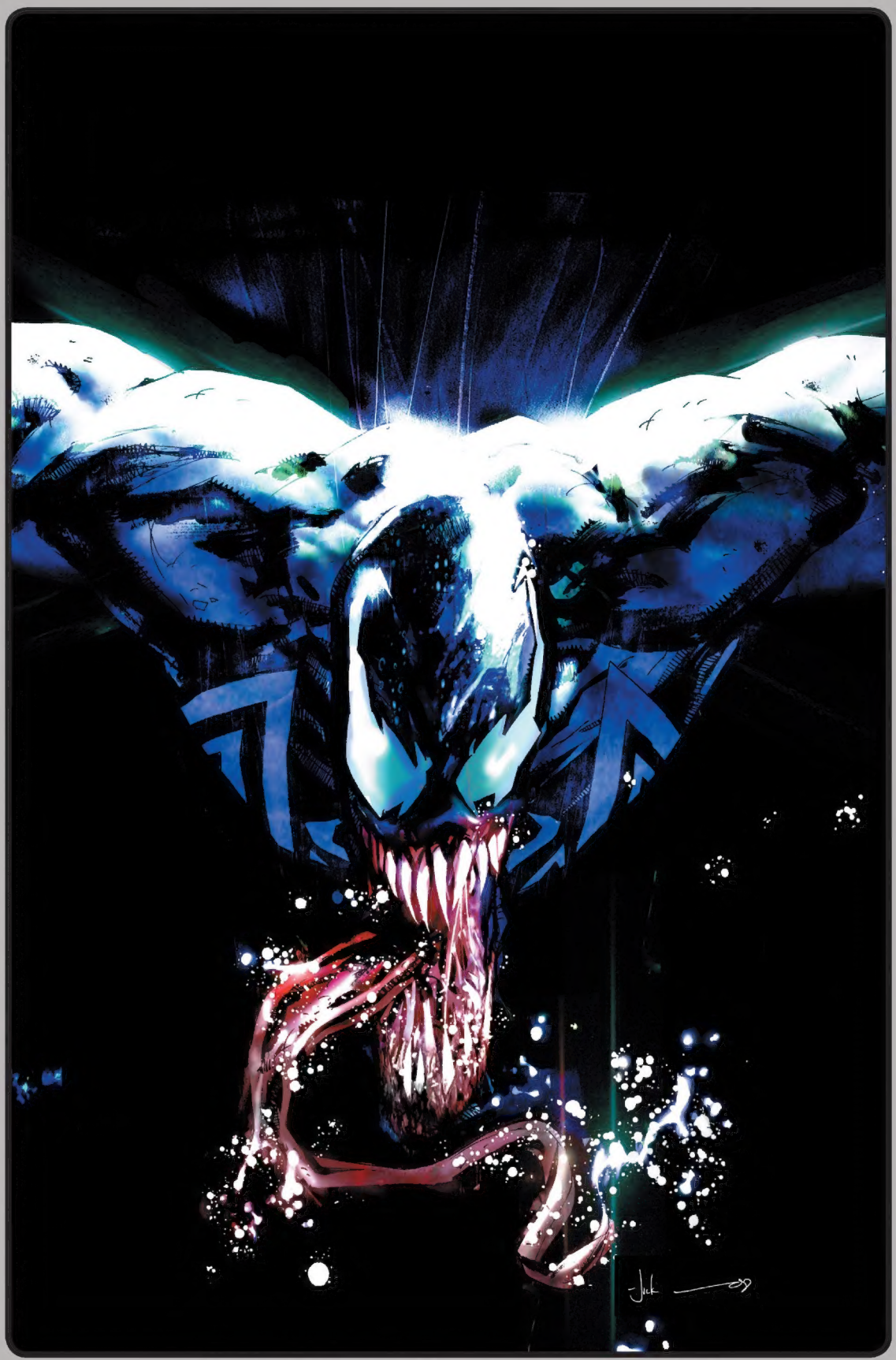
#126

#127

#128

#129

After their first mission -- the mid-air hijacking of Air Force One -- ended in success, the crew thought they were ready for anything. But after a deadly game of cat and mouse with the mercenary Deadpool left them with broken bones and bruised egos, the team retreated to their headquarters in the decommissioned CUBE prison to await their next mission...



#127 Villain Variant by JOCK

OSBORN UNLEASHES BULLSEYE AND VENOM!

Norman Osborn's Dark Reign has begun — and the only people who stand in the way of his mad power grab are the very super villains he trained! In the wake of the Thunderbolts' help repelling the alien Skrull invasion, Osborn was promoted to head the new security initiative replacing the badly damaged S.H.I.E.L.D. And while his team is comprised of super villains, some lack Osborn's unique killer instinct. And in Osborn's eyes, that means they have no place in his new world order.

Now, Penance, Swordsman, Radioactive Man and Songbird find themselves locked in a deadly game of cat-and-mouse. But how can they hope to survive when Osborn has unleashed the deadly duo of Venom and Bullseye to hunt them down?

"The vilest, most wicked book on the stands… Credit writer Andy Diggle for sharing the same sort of inner-maniac as his predecessor, Warren Ellis… it doesn't look like this book will lose its evil crown any day soon."
— IGN.com

"This book continues to impress, and Diggle's first issue at Marvel is an excellent benchmark of things to come."
— Aint It Cool News

Collecting *Thunderbolts* #126-129 & #132, written by Andy Diggle *(Punisher: Silent Night, The Losers)* and illustrated by Roberto de la Torre *(Ms. Marvel)*.

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